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THE LEGEND OF JUBAL

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine :
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were ;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind ; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world :
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled ;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries ;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder ; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orb'd sun each morn the same,

Lake-mirrored to his gaze ; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, " My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear ;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove ;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups ; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold ;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves :
They laboured gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil ;
For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till hurling stones in mere athletic joy
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon ;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generations stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, " He will not wake ;
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod ;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out His land in vain !—'tis He
Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.

Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
I thought the way I travelled was too long
For Him to follow me: my thought was vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
Death was now lord of life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said "Twill go and come no more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.

Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."
For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race :
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue ;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like granite boulders grew,
Such boulders as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem ;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,

Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
That, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jubal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.
But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labour with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal

For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spiked wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain,
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say,
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white discs; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Or greedy lust, or any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him:
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room

And skiey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word:
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute hand;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high;
The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.

Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him:
For as the delicate stream of odour wakes
The thought-wed sentience and some image makes
From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there:
It was his thought he saw; the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask

With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then—Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervour that could fill the earthly round
With thronged joys of form-begotten sound
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labours through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first toward lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.
He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends toward obedience.

Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song—
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong—
As radiance streams from smallest things that burn,
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His winged song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space:
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent—
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too—
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.

Jabal sat circled with a playful ring
Of children, lambs and whelps, whose gambolling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least ;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre : there mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entranced whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creatures sends
Or rage or tenderness ; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one ;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led

The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked palm :
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting nought of this—
This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air :
It seemed the stars were shining with delight
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal : some besought
That he would teach them his new skill ; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat :
'Twas easy following where invention trod—
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand,
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills

With other strains through other-shapen boughs ;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That spread and rise and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth, and Jubal said :
" Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters ; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And sowing music made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth ; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore :
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, " The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
For me to stand on, but this panting sea
Which sobs as if it stored all life to be.
New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home :
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake

The lyre's full answer; nay, these chords would be
Too poor to speak the gathering mystery.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe will welcome me,
Jubal, the sire of all their melody."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no fire-orbs now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days,

Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers, to hear
The selfsame cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar-wood.
The morning sun was high; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry withered grass and withered man:
The wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened: the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes out-spread.

And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was "Jubal!" . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank—
Whom no eye saw—at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear;
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal—him, to whom their love was due.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire?—
Still mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.

Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not ought to dare:
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain,
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing,
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
In honour of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.

He said within his soul, "This is the end :
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul :
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain ;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me : dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong :
Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers ; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
And there were tones that with the vision blent :
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze : to hear, to see,
Was but one undivided ecstasy :
The raptured senses melted into one,
And parting life a moment's freedom won
From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god,
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies, as other share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?"

No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
 Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
 Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
 Was human music's self incorporate:
 Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
 Were flesh of her flesh and her womb of life.
 And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
 With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 And on the mountains in thy wandering
 Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
 That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
 For with thy coming melody was come.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know
 From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.
 It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
 Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
 Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
 Who found and gave new passion and new joy,
 That nought but Earth's destruction can destroy.
 Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
 'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
 For too much wealth amid their poverty."—

The words seemed melting into symphony,
 The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
 Was floating him the heavenly space along,
 Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
 Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
 Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
 He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
 Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
 The All-creating Presence for his grave.

GEORGE ELIOT.

December, 1869.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR of Humblethwaite was a mighty person in Cumberland, and one who well understood of what nature were the duties, and of what sort the magnificence, which his position as a great English commoner required of him. He had twenty thousand a year derived from land. His forefathers had owned the same property in Cumberland for nearly four centuries, and an estate nearly as large in Durham for more than a century and a half. He had married an earl's daughter, and had always lived among men and women not only of high rank, but also of high character. He had kept race-horses when he was young, as noblemen and gentlemen then did keep them, with no view to profit, calculating fairly their cost as a part of his annual outlay, and thinking that it was the proper thing to do for the improvement of horses and for the amusement of the people. He had been in Parliament, but had made no figure there, and had given it up. He still kept his house in Bruton Street, and always spent a month or two in London. But the life that he led was led at Humblethwaite, and there he was a great man, with a great domain around him,—with many tenants, with a world of dependants among whom he spent his wealth freely, saving little, but lavishing nothing that was not his own to lavish,—understanding that his enjoyment was to come from the comfort and respect of others, for whose welfare, as he understood it, the good things of this world had been bestowed upon him. He was a proud man, with but few intimacies,—with a few dear friendships which were the solace of his life,

—altogether gracious in his speech, if it were not for an apparent bashfulness among strangers; never assuming aught, deferring much to others outwardly, and showing his pride chiefly by a certain impalpable *noli me tangere*, which just sufficed to make itself felt and obeyed at the first approach of any personal freedom. He was a handsome man,—if an old man near to seventy may be handsome,—with grey hair, and bright, keen eyes, and arched eyebrows, with a well-cut, eagle nose, and a small mouth, and a short, dimpled chin. He was under the middle height, but nevertheless commanded attention by his appearance. He wore no beard save a slight grey whisker, which was cut away before it reached his chin. He was strongly made, but not stout, and was hale and active for his age.

Such was Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite. The account of Lady Elizabeth, his wife, may be much shorter. She was known,—where she was known,—simply as Sir Harry's wife. He indeed was one of those men of whom it may be said that everything appertaining to them takes its importance from the fact of its being theirs. Lady Elizabeth was a good woman, a good wife, and a good mother, and was twenty years younger than her husband. He had been forty-five years old when he had married her, and she, even yet, had not forgotten the deference which was due to his age.

Two years before the time at which our story will begin, a great sorrow, an absolutely crushing grief, had fallen upon the House of Humblethwaite. An only son had died just as he had reached his majority. When the day came on which all Humblethwaite and the surrounding villages were to have been told to rejoice and make merry because

another man of the Hotspurs was ready to take the reins of the house as soon as his father should have been gathered to his fathers, the poor lad lay a-dying, while his mother ministered by his bedside, and the Baronet was told by the physician,—who had been brought from London,—that there was no longer for him any hope that he should leave a male heir at Humblethwaite to inherit his name and his honours.

For months it was thought that Lady Elizabeth would follow her boy. Sir Harry bore the blow bravely, though none who do not understand the system well can conceive how the natural grief of the father was increased by the disappointment which had fallen upon the head of the house. But the old man bore it well, making but few audible moans, shedding no tears, altering in very little the habits of life; still spending money, because it was good for others that it should be spent, and only speaking of his son when it was necessary for him to allude to those altered arrangements as to the family property which it was necessary that he should make. But still he was a changed man, as those perceived who watched him closest. Cloudesdale the butler knew well in what he was changed, as did old Hesketh the groom, and Gilsby the gamekeeper. He had never been given to much talk, but was now more silent than of yore. Of horses, dogs, and game there was no longer any mention whatever made by the Baronet. He was still constant with Mr. Lanesby, the steward, because it was his duty to know everything that was done on the property; but even Mr. Lanesby would acknowledge that, as to actual improvements,—the commencement of new work in the hope of future returns, the Baronet was not at all the man he had been. How was it possible that he should be the man he had been when his life was so nearly gone, and that other life had gone also, which was to have been the renewal and continuation of his own?

When the blow fell, it became Sir Harry's imperative duty to make up his mind what he would do with his pro-

perty. As regarded the two estates, they were now absolutely, every acre of them, at his own disposal. He had one child left to him, a daughter,—in whom, it is hoped, the reader may be induced to take some interest, and with her to feel some sympathy, for she will be the person with whom the details of this little story must most be concerned; and he had a male heir, who must needs inherit the title of the family, one George Hotspur,—not a nephew, for Sir Harry had never had a brother, but the son of a first cousin who had not himself been much esteemed at Humblethwaite.

Now Sir Harry was a man who, in such a condition as this in which he was now placed, would mainly be guided by his ideas of duty. For a month or two he said not a word to any one, not even to his own lawyer, though he himself had made a will, a temporary will, duly witnessed by Mr. Lanesby and another, so that the ownership of the property should not be adjusted simply by the chance direction of law in the event of his own sudden demise; but his mind was doubtless much burdened with the subject. How should he discharge this fresh responsibility which now rested on him? While his boy had lived, the responsibility of his property had had nothing for him but charms. All was to go to the young Harry,—all, as a matter of course; and it was only necessary for him to take care that every acre should descend to his heir not only unimpaired by him in value, but also somewhat increased. Provision for his widow and for his girl had already been made before he had ventured on matrimony,—provision sufficient for many girls had Fortune so far favoured him. But that an eldest son should have all the family land,—one, though as many sons should have been given to him as to Priam,—and that that one should have it unencumbered, as he had had it from his father,—this was to him the very law of his being. And he would have taught that son, had already begun to teach him when the great blow came, that all this was to be given to him, not that he might put

it into his own belly, or wear it on his own back, or even spend it as he might list himself, but that he might so live as to do his part in maintaining that order of gentleness in England, by which England had become—so thought Sir Harry—the proudest and the greatest and the justest of nations.

But now he had no son, and yet the duty remained to him of maintaining his order. It would perhaps have been better for him, it would certainly have been easier, had some settlement or family entail fixed all things for him. Those who knew him well personally, but did not know the affairs of his family, declared among themselves that Sir Harry would take care that the property went with the title. A marriage might be arranged. There could be nothing to object to a marriage between second cousins. At any rate Sir Harry Hotspur was certainly not the man to separate the property from the title. But they who knew the family, and especially that branch of the family from which George Hotspur came, declared that Sir Harry would never give his daughter to such a one as was this cousin. And if not his daughter, then neither would he give to such a scapegrace either Humblethwaite in Cumberland or Scarrowby in Durham. There did exist a party who said that Sir Harry would divide the property, but they who held such an opinion certainly knew very little of Sir Harry's social or political tenets. Any such division was the one thing which he surely would not effect.

When twelve months had passed after the death of Sir Harry's son, George Hotspur had been at Humblethwaite and had gone, and Sir Harry's will had been made. He had left everything to his daughter, and had only stipulated that her husband, should she marry, should take the name of Hotspur. He had decided, that should his daughter, as was probable, marry within his lifetime, he could then make what settlements he pleased, even to the changing of the tenor of his will, should he think fit to change it. Should he die and leave her still a spinster, he would trust

to her in everything. Not being a man of mystery, he told his wife and his daughter what he had done,—and what he still thought that he possibly might do; and being also a man to whom any suspicion of injustice was odious, he desired his attorney to make known to George Hotspur what had been settled. And in order that this blow to Cousin George might be lightened,—Cousin George having in conversation acknowledged to a few debts,—an immediate present was made to him of four thousand pounds, and double that amount was assured to him at the Baronet's death.

The reader may be sure that the Baronet had heard many things respecting Cousin George which he did not like. To him personally it would have been infinitely preferable that the title and the estates should have gone together, than that his own daughter should be a great heiress. That her outlook into the world was fair and full of promise of prosperity either way, was clear enough. Twenty thousand a year would not be necessary to make her a happy woman. And then it was to him a manifest and a sacred religion that to no man or to no woman were appointed the high pinnacles of fortune simply that that man or that woman might enjoy them. They were to be held as thrones are held, for the benefit of the many. And in the disposition of this throne, the necessity of making which had fallen upon him from the loss of his own darling, he had brought himself to think—not of his daughter's happiness, or to the balance of which, in her possessing or not possessing the property, he could venture on no prophecy,—but of the welfare of all those who might measure their weal or woe from the manner in which the duties of this high place were administered. He would fain that there should still have been a Sir Harry or a Sir George Hotspur of Humblethwaite; but he found that his duty required him to make the other arrangement.

And yet he had liked the cousin, who indeed had many gifts to win liking both from men and women. Previously to the visit very little had been known

personally of young George Hotspur at Humblethwaite. His father, also a George, had in early life quarrelled with the elder branch of the family, and had gone off with what money belonged to him, and had lived and died in Paris. The younger George had been educated abroad, and then had purchased a commission in a regiment of English cavalry. At the time when young Harry died it was only known of him at Humblethwaite that he had achieved a certain reputation in London, and that he had sold out of the army. He was talked of as a man who shot birds with precision. Pigeons he could shoot with wonderful dexterity,—which art was at Humblethwaite supposed to be much against him. But then he was equally successful with partridges and pheasants; and partly on account of such success, and partly probably because his manner was pleasant, he was known to be a welcome guest at houses in which men congregate to slaughter game. In this way he had a reputation, and one that was not altogether cause for reproach; but it had not previously recommended him to the notice of his cousin.

Just ten months after poor Harry's death he was asked, and went, to Humblethwaite. Probably at that moment the Baronet's mind was still somewhat in doubt. The wish of Lady Elizabeth had been clearly expressed to her husband to the effect that encouragement should be given to the young people to fall in love with each other. To this Sir Harry never assented; though there was a time,—and that time had not yet passed when George Hotspur reached Humblethwaite,—in which the Baronet was not altogether averse to the idea of the marriage. But when George left Humblethwaite the Baronet had made up his mind. Tidings had reached him, and he was afraid of the cousin. And other tidings had reached him also; or rather perhaps it would be truer to him to say that another idea had come to him. Of all the young men now rising in England there was no young man who more approved himself to Sir Harry's choice than did Lord Alfred

Gresley, the second son of his old friend and political leader the Marquis of Milnthorpe. Lord Alfred had but scanty fortune of his own, but was in Parliament and in office, and was doing well. All men said all good things of him. Then there was a word or two spoken between the Marquis and the Baronet, and just a word also with Lord Alfred himself. Lord Alfred had no objection to the name of Hotspur. This was in October, while George Hotspur was still declaring that Gilsby knew nothing of getting up a head of game; and then Lord Alfred promised to come to Humblethwaite at Christmas. It was after this that George owned to a few debts. His confession on that score did him no harm. Sir Harry had made up his mind that day. Sir Harry had at that time learned a good deal of his cousin George's mode of life in London, and had already decided that this young man was not one whom it would be well to set upon the pinnacle.

And yet he had liked the young man, as did everybody. Lady Elizabeth had liked him much, and for a fortnight had gone on hoping that all difficulties might have solved themselves by the young man's marriage with her daughter. It need hardly be said that not a word one way or the other was spoken to Emily Hotspur; but it seemed to the mother that the young people, though there was no love-making, yet liked each other. Sir Harry at this time was up in London for a month or two, hearing tidings, seeing Lord Alfred, who was at his office; and on his return, that solution by family marriage was ordered to be for ever banished from the maternal bosom. Sir Harry said that it would not do.

Nevertheless, he was good to the young cousin, and when the time was drawing nigh for the young man's departure he spoke of a further visit. The coverts at Humblethwaite, such as they were, would always be at his service. This was a week before the cousin went; but by the coming of the day on which the cousin took his departure Sir Harry regretted that he had made that offer of future hospitality.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HEROINE.

"He has said nothing to her?" asked Sir Harry, anxiously, of his wife.

"I think not," replied Lady Elizabeth.

"Had he said anything that meant anything, she would have told you?"

"Certainly she would," said Lady Elizabeth.

Sir Harry knew his child, and was satisfied that no harm had been done; nevertheless, he wished that that further invitation had not been given. If this Christmas visitor that was to come to Humblethwaite could be successful, all would be right; but it had seemed to Sir Harry, during that last week of Cousin George's sojourn beneath his roof, there had been more of cousinly friendship between the cousins than had been salutary, seeing, as he had seen, that any closer connection was inexpedient. But he thought that he was sure that no great harm had been done. Had any word been spoken to his girl which she herself had taken as a declaration of love, she would certainly have told her mother. Sir Harry would no more doubt his daughter than he would his own honour. There were certain points and lines of duty clearly laid down for a girl so placed as was his daughter; and Sir Harry, though he could not have told whence the knowledge of these points and lines had come to his child, never for a moment doubted but that she knew them, and would obey them. To know and to obey such points of duty were a part of the inheritance of such an one as Emily Hotspur. Nevertheless, it might be possible that her fancy should be touched, and that she herself should know nothing of it,—nothing that she could confide even to a mother. Sir Harry understanding this, and having seen in these last days something as he thought of too close a cousinly friendship, was anxious that Lord Alfred should come and settle everything. If Lord Alfred should be successful, all danger would be at an

end, and the cousin might come again and do what he liked with the coverts. Alas, alas! the cousin should never have been allowed to show his handsome, wicked face at Humblethwaite!

Emily Hotspur was a girl whom any father would have trusted; and let the reader understand this of her, that she was one in whom intentional deceit was impossible. Neither to her father nor to any one could she lie either in word or action. And all these lines and points of duty were well known to her, though she knew not, and had never asked herself, whence the lesson had come. Will it be too much to say, that they had formed a part of her breeding, and had been given to her with her blood? She understood well that from her, as heiress of the House of Humblethwaite, a double obedience was due to her father,—the obedience of a child added to that which was now required from her as the future transmitter of honours of the house. And yet no word had been said to her of the honours of the house; nor, indeed, had many words ever been said as to that other obedience. These lessons, when they have been well learned, have ever come without direct teaching.

But she knew more than this, and the knowledge had reached her in the same manner. Though she owed a great duty to her father, there was a limit to that duty, of which, unconsciously, she was well aware. When her mother told her that Lord Alfred was coming, having been instructed to do so by Sir Harry; and hinted, with a caress and a kiss, and a soft whisper, that Lord Alfred was one of whom Sir Harry approved greatly, and that if further approval could be bestowed Sir Harry would not be displeased, Emily as she returned her mother's embrace, felt that she had a possession of her own with which neither father nor mother might be allowed to interfere. It was for them, or rather for him, to say that a hand so weighted as was hers should not be given here or there; but it was not for them, not even for him, to say that her heart was to be given here, or to be given there. Let them put upon

her what weight they might of family honours, and of family responsibility, that was her own property;—if not, perhaps, to be bestowed at her own pleasure, because of the pressure of that weight, still her own, and absolutely beyond the bestowal of any other.

Nevertheless, she declared to herself, and whispered to her mother, that she would be glad to welcome Lord Alfred. She had known him well when she was a child of twelve years old and he was already a young man in Parliament. Since those days she had met him more than once in London. She was now turned twenty, and he was something more than ten years her senior; but there was nothing against him, at any rate, on the score of age. Lord Alfred was admitted on every side to be still a young man; and though he had already been a lord of one Board or of another for the last four years, and had earned a reputation for working, he did not look like a man who would be more addicted to sitting at Boards than spending his time with young women. He was handsome, pleasant, good-humoured, and full of talk; had nothing about him of the official fog; and was regarded by all his friends as a man who was just now fit to marry. "They say that he is such a good son, and such a good brother," said Lady Elizabeth, anxiously.

"Quite a Phoenix!" said Emily, laughing. Then Lady Elizabeth began to fear that she had said too much, and did not mention Lord Alfred's name for two days.

But Miss Hotspur had by that time resolved that Lord Alfred should have a fair chance. If she could teach herself to think that of all men walking the earth Lord Alfred was the best and the most divine, the nearest of all men to a god, how excellent a thing would it be! Her great responsibility as to the family burden would in that case already be acquitted with credit. The wishes of her father, which on such a subject were all but paramount, would be gratified; and she herself would then be placed almost beyond the hand of misfortune to hurt her. At any rate, the

great and almost crushing difficulty of her life would so be solved. But the man must have enough in her eyes of that godlike glory to satisfy her that she had found in him one who would be almost a divinity, at any rate to her. Could he speak as that other man spoke? Could he look as that other one looked? Would there be in his eye such a depth of colour, in his voice such a sound of music, in his gait so divine a grace? For that other one, though she had looked into the brightness of the colour, though she had heard the sweetness of the music, though she had watched the elastic spring of the step, she cared nothing as regarded her heart—her heart, which was the one treasure of her own. No; she was sure of that. Of her one own great treasure, she was much too chary to give it away unasked, and too independent, as she told herself, to give it away unauthorized. The field was open to Lord Alfred; and, as her father wished it, Lord Alfred should be received with every favour. If she could find divinity, then she would bow before it readily.

Alas for Lord Alfred! We may all know that when she thought of it thus, there was but poor chance of success for Lord Alfred. Let him have what of the godlike he might, she would find but little of it there when she made her calculations and resolutions after such fashion as this. The man who becomes divine in a woman's eyes, has generally achieved his claim to celestial honours by sudden assault. And, alas! the qualities which carry him through it and give the halo to his head may after all be very ungodlike. Some such achievement had already fallen in the way of Cousin George; though had Cousin George and Lord Alfred been weighed in just scales, the divinity of the latter, such as it was, would have been found greatly to prevail. Indeed, it might perhaps have been difficult to lay hold of and to bring forward as presentable for such office as that of a lover for such a girl any young man who should be less godlike than Cousin George. But he had gifts of simulation, which are valuable; and poor Emily Hotspur had not yet learned

the housewife's trick of passing the web through her fingers, and of finding by the touch whether the fabric were of fine wool, or of shoddy made up with craft to look like wool of the finest.

We say that there was but small chance for Lord Alfred; nevertheless the lady was dutifully minded to give him all the chance that it was in her power to bestow. She did not tell herself that her father's hopes were vain. Of her preference for that other man she never told herself anything. She was not aware that it existed. She knew that he was handsome; she thought that he was clever. She knew that he had talked to her as no man had ever talked before. She was aware that he was her nearest relative beyond her father and mother, and that therefore she might be allowed to love him as a cousin. She told herself that he was a Hotspur, and that he must be the head of the Hotspurs when her father should be taken from them. She thought that he looked as a man should look who would have to carry such a dignity. But there was nothing more. No word had been said to her on the subject; but she was aware, because no word had been said, that it was not thought fitting that she should be her cousin's bride. She could not but know how great would be the advantage could the estates and the title be kept together. Even though he should inherit no acre of the land,—and she had been told by her father that such was his decision,—this Cousin George must become the head of the House of Hotspur; and to be head of the House of Hotspur was to her a much greater thing than to be the owner of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby. Gifts like the latter might be given to a mere girl, like herself,—were to be so given. But let any man living do what he might, George Hotspur must become the head and chief of the old House of Hotspur. Nevertheless, it was not for her to join the two things together, unless her father should see that it would be good for her to do so.

Emily Hotspur was very like her father, having that peculiar cast of countenance which had always characterized the family. She had the same

arch in her eyebrows, indicating an aptitude for authority; the same well-formed nose, though with her the beak of the eagle was less prominent; the same short lip, and small mouth, and delicate dimpled chin. With both of them the lower part of the face was peculiarly short, and finely cut. With both of them the brow was high and broad, and the temples prominent. But the girl's eyes were blue, while those of the old man were brightly green. It was told of him that when a boy his eyes also had been blue. Her hair, which was very plentiful, was light in colour, but by no means flaxen. Her complexion was as clear as the finest porcelain; but there were ever roses in her cheeks, for she was strong by nature, and her health was perfect. She was somewhat short of stature, as were all the Hotspurs, and her feet and hands and ears were small and delicate. But though short, she seemed to lack nothing in symmetry, and certainly lacked nothing in strength. She could ride or walk the whole day, and had no feeling that such vigour of body was a possession of which a young lady should be ashamed. Such as she was, she was the acknowledged beauty of the county; and at Carlisle, where she showed herself at least once a year at the county ball, there was neither man nor woman, young nor old, who was not ready to say that Emily Hotspur was, among maidens, the glory of Cumberland.

Her life hitherto had been very quiet. There was the ball at Carlisle, which she had attended thrice; on the last occasion, because of her brother's death, she had been absent, and the family of the Hotspurs had been represented there only by the venison and game which had been sent from Humblethwaite. Twice also she had spent the months of May and June in London; but it had not hitherto suited the tone of her father's character to send his daughter out into all the racket of a London season. She had gone to balls and to the opera, and had ridden in the Park, and been seen at flower-shows; but she had not been so common in those places as to be known to the crowd. And, hitherto,

neither in town or country, had her name been connected with that of any suitor for her hand. She was now twenty, and the reader will remember that in the twelve months last past, the House of Humblethwaite had been clouded with deep mourning.

The cousin was come and gone, and the Baronet hoped in his heart that there might be an end of him as far as Humblethwaite was concerned;—at any rate till his child should have given herself to a better lover. Tidings had been sent to Sir Harry during the last week of the young man's sojourn beneath his roof, which of all that had reached his ears were the worst. He had before heard of recklessness, of debt, of dissipation, of bad comrades. Now he heard of worse than these. If that which he now heard was true, there had been dishonour. But Sir Harry was a man who wanted ample evidence before he allowed his judgment to actuate his conduct, and in this case the evidence was far from ample. He did not stint his hospitality to the future baronet, but he failed to repeat that promise of a future welcome which had already been given, and which had been thankfully accepted. But a man knows that such an offer of renewed hospitality should be repeated at the moment of departure, and George Hotspur, as he was taken away to the nearest station in his cousin's carriage, was quite aware that Sir Harry did not then desire that the visit should be repeated.

Lord Alfred was to be at Humblethwaite on Christmas-eve. The emergencies of the Board at which he sat would not allow of an earlier absence from London. He was a man who shirked no official duty, and was afraid of no amount of work; and though he knew how great was the prize before him, he refused to leave his Board before the day had come at which his Board must necessarily dispense with his services. Between him and his father there had been no reticence, and it was clearly understood by him that he was to go down and win twenty thousand a year and the prettiest girl in Cumberland, if his own capacity that way, joined to all the favour of the girl's

father and mother, would enable him to attain success. To Emily not a word more had been said on the subject than those which have been already narrated as having been spoken by the mother to the daughter. With all his authority, with all his love for his only remaining child, with all his consciousness of the terrible importance of the matter at issue, Sir Harry could not bring himself to suggest to his daughter that it would be well for her to fall in love with the guest who was coming to them. But to Lady Elizabeth he said very much. He had quite made up his mind that the thing would be good, and, having done so, he was very anxious that the arrangement should be made. It was natural that this girl of his should learn to love some youth; and how terrible was the danger of her loving amiss, when so much depended on her loving wisely! The whole fate of the House of Hotspur was in her hands,—to do with it as she thought fit! Sir Harry trembled as he reflected what would be the result were she to come to him some day and ask his favour for a suitor wholly unfitted to bear the name of Hotspur, and to sit on the throne of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby.

"Is she pleased that he is coming?" he said to his wife, the evening before the arrival of their guest.

"Certainly she is pleased. She knows that we both like him."

"I remember when she used to talk about him—often," said Sir Harry.

"That was when she was a child."

"But a year or two ago," said Sir Harry.

"Three or four years, perhaps; and with her that is a long time. It is not likely that she should talk much of him now. Of course she knows what it is that we wish."

"Does she think about her cousin at all?" he said some hours afterwards.

"Yes, she thinks of him. That is only natural, you know."

"It would be unnatural that she should think of him much."

"I do not see that," said the mother, keen to defend her daughter from what might seem to be an implied reproach.

"George Hotspur is a man who will make himself thought of wherever he goes. He is clever, and very amusing ;—there is no denying that. And then he has the Hotspur look all over."

"I wish he had never set his foot within the house," said the father.

"My dear, there is no such danger as you think," said Lady Elizabeth. "Emily is not a girl prone to fall in love at a moment's notice because a man is good-looking and amusing ;—and certainly not with the conviction which she must have that her doing so would greatly grieve you." Sir Harry believed in his daughter, and said no more ; but he thoroughly wished that Lord Alfred's wedding-day was fixed.

"Mamma," said Emily, on the following day, "won't Lord Alfred be very dull ?"

"I hope not, my dear."

"What is he to do, with nobody else here to amuse him ?"

"The Crutchleys are coming on the 27th."

Now Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley were, as Emily thought, very ordinary people, and quite unlikely to afford amusement to Lord Alfred. Mr. Crutchley was an old gentleman of county standing, and with property in the county, living in a large dull red house in Penrith, of whom Sir Harry thought a good deal, because he was a gentleman who happened to have had great grandfathers and great grandmothers. But he was quite as old as Sir Harry, and Mrs. Crutchley was a great deal older than Lady Elizabeth.

"What will Lord Alfred have to say to Mrs. Crutchley, mamma ?"

"What do people in society always have to say to each other ? And the Lathebys are coming here to dine to-morrow, and will come again, I don't doubt, on the 27th."

Mr. Latheby was the young Vicar of Humblethwaite, and Mrs. Latheby was a very pretty young bride whom he had just married.

"And then Lord Alfred shoots," continued Lady Elizabeth.

"Cousin George said that the shooting wasn't worth going after," said Emily,

smiling. "Mamma, I fear it will be a failure." This made Lady Elizabeth unhappy, as she thought that more was meant than was really said. But she did not confide her fears to her husband.

CHAPTER III.

LORD ALFRED'S COURTSHIP.

THE Hall, as the great house at Humblethwaite was called, consisted in truth of various edifices added one to another at various periods ; but the result was this, that no more picturesque mansion could be found in any part of England than the Hall at Humblethwaite. The oldest portion of it was said to be of the time of Henry VII. ; but it may perhaps be doubted whether the set of rooms with lattice windows looking out on to the bowling-green, each window from beneath its own gable, was so old as the date assigned to it. It is strange how little authority can usually be found in family records to verify such statements. It was known that Humblethwaite and the surrounding manors had been given to, or in some fashion purchased by, a certain Harry Hotspur, who also in his day had been a knight, when Church lands were changing hands under Henry VIII. And there was authority to prove that that Sir Harry had done something towards making a home for himself on the spot ; but whether those very gables were a portion of the building which the monks of St. Humble had raised for themselves in the preceding reign, may probably be doubted. That there were fragments of masonry, and parts of old timber, remaining from the monastery was probably true enough. The great body of the old house, as it now stood, had been built in the time of Charles II., and there was the date in the brickwork still conspicuous on the wall looking into the court. The hall and front door as it now stood, very prominent but quite at the end of the house, had been erected in the reign of Queen Anne, and the modern drawing-rooms with the best bedrooms over them, projecting far out into the modern

gardens, had been added by the present baronet's father. The house was entirely of brick, and the old windows,—not the very oldest, the reader will understand, but those of the Caroline age,—were built with strong stone mullions, and were longer than they were deep, beauty of architecture having in those days been more regarded than light. Who does not know such windows, and has not declared to himself often how sad a thing it is that sanitary or scientific calculations should have banished the like of them from our houses? Two large oriel windows coming almost to the ground, and going up almost to the ceilings, adorned the dining-room and the library. From the drawing-rooms modern windows, opening on to a terrace, led in to the garden.

You entered the mansion by a court that was enclosed on two sides altogether, and on the two others partially. Facing you, as you drove in, was the body of the building, with the huge porch projecting on the right so as to give the appearance of a portion of the house standing out on that side. On the left was that old mythic Tudor remnant of the monastery, of which the back wall seen from the court was pierced only with a small window here and there, and was covered with ivy. Those lattice windows, from which Emily Hotspur loved to think that the monks of old had looked into their trim gardens, now looked on to a bowling-green which was kept very trim in honour of the holy personages who were supposed to have played there four centuries ago. Then, at the end of this old building, there had been erected kitchens, servants' offices, and various rooms, which turned the corner of the court in front, so that only one corner had, as it were, been left for ingress and egress. But the court itself was large, and in the middle of it there stood an old stone ornamental structure, usually called the fountain, but quite ignorant of water, loaded with griffins and satyrs and mermaids with ample busts, all overgrown with a green damp growth, which was scraped off by the joint efforts of the gardener and mason once perhaps in every five years.

It often seems that the beauty of architecture is accidental. A great man goes to work with great means on a great pile, and makes a great failure. The world perceives that grace and beauty have escaped him, and that even magnificence has been hardly achieved. Then there grows up beneath various unknown hands a complication of stones and brick to the arrangement of which no great thought seems to have been given; and, lo, there is a thing so perfect in its glory that he who looks at it declares that nothing could be taken away and nothing added without injury and sacrilege and disgrace. So it had been, or rather so it was now, with the Hall at Humblethwaite. No rule ever made for the guidance of an artist had been kept. The parts were out of proportion. No two parts seemed to fit each other. Put it all on paper, and it was an absurdity. The huge hall and porch added on by the builder of Queen Anne's time, at the very extremity of the house, were almost a monstrosity. The passages and staircases, and internal arrangements, were simply ridiculous. But there was not a portion of the whole interior that did not charm; nor was there a corner of the exterior, nor a yard of an outside wall, that was not in itself eminently beautiful.

Lord Alfred Gresley, as he was driven into the court in the early dusk of a winter evening, having passed through a mile and a half of such park scenery as only Cumberland and Westmoreland can show, was fully alive to the glories of the place. Humblethwaite did not lie among the lakes,—was, indeed, full ten miles to the north of Keswick; but it was so placed that it enjoyed the beauty and the luxury of mountains and rivers, without the roughness of unmanageable rocks, or the sterility and dampness of moorland. Of rocky fragments, indeed, peeping out through the close turf, and here and there coming forth boldly so as to break the park into little depths, with now and again a real ravine, there were plenty. And there ran right across the park, passing so near the Hall as to require a stone bridge in the very flower-garden, the Caldbeck, as

bright and swift a stream as ever took away the water from neighbouring mountains. And to the south of Humblethwaite there stood the huge Skiddaw, and Saddleback with its long gaunt ridge; while to the west Brockleband Fell seemed to encircle the domain. Lord Alfred, as he was driven up through the old trees, and saw the deer peering at him from the knolls and broken fragments of stone, felt that he need not envy his elder brother if only his lines might fall to him in this very pleasant place.

He had known Humblethwaite before; and, irrespective of all its beauties, and of the wealth of the Hotspurs, was quite willing to fall in love with Emily Hotspur. That a man with such dainties offered to him should not become greedy, that there should be no touch of avarice when such wealth was shown to him, is almost more than we may dare to assert. But Lord Alfred was a man not specially given to covetousness. He had recognized it as his duty as a man not to seek for these things unless he could in truth love the woman who held them in her hands to give. But as he looked round him through the gloaming of the evening, he thought that he remembered that Emily Hotspur was all that was loveable.

But, reader, we must not linger long over Lord Alfred's love. A few words as to the father, a few as to the daughter, and a few also as to the old house where they dwelt together, it has been necessary to say; but this little love story of Lord Alfred's,—if it ever was a love story,—must be told very shortly.

He remained five weeks at Humblethwaite, and showed himself willing to receive amusement from old Mrs. Crutchley and from young Mrs. Latheby. The shooting was quite good enough for him, and he won golden opinions from every one about the place. He made himself acquainted with the whole history of the house, and was prepared to prove to demonstration that Henry VII.'s monks had looked out of those very windows, and had played at bowls on that very green. Emily became fond of him after a fashion, but he failed to

assume any aspect of divinity in her eyes.

Of the thing to be done, neither father nor mother said a word to the girl; and she, though she knew so well that the doing of it was intended, said not a word to her mother. Had Lady Elizabeth known how to speak, had she dared to be free with her own child, Emily would soon have told her that there was no chance for Lord Alfred. And Lady Elizabeth would have believed her. Nay, Lady Elizabeth, though she could not speak, had the woman's instinct, which almost assured her that the match would never be made. Sir Harry, on the other side, thought that things went prosperously; and his wife did not dare to deceive him. He saw the young people together, and thought that he saw that Emily was kind. He did not know that this frank kindness was incompatible with love in such a maiden's ways. As for Emily herself, she knew that it must come. She knew that she could not prevent it. A slight hint or two she did give, or thought she gave, but they were too fine, too impalpable to be of avail.

Lord Alfred spoke nothing of love till he made his offer in form. At last he was not hopeful himself. He had found it impossible to speak to this girl of love. She had been gracious with him, and almost intimate, and yet it had been impossible. He thought of himself that he was dull, stupid, lethargic, and miserably undemonstrative. But the truth was that there was nothing for him to demonstrate. He had come there to do a stroke of business, and he could not throw into this business a spark of that fire which would have been kindled by such sympathy had it existed. There are men who can raise such sparks, the pretence of fire, where there is no heat at all,—false, fraudulent men; but he was not such an one. Nevertheless he went on with his business.

"Miss Hotspur," he said to her one morning between breakfast and lunch, when, as usual, opportunity had been given him to be alone with her, "I have something to say to you, which I

hope at any rate it will not make you angry to hear."

"I am sure you will say nothing to make me angry," she replied.

"I have already spoken to your father, and I have his permission. I may say more. He assures me that he hopes I may succeed." He paused a moment, but she remained quite tranquil. He watched her, and could see that the delicate pink on her cheek was a little heightened, and that a streak of colour showed itself on her fair brow; but there was nothing in her manner to give him either promise of success or assurance of failure. "You will know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know," she said, almost in a whisper.

"And may I hope? To say that I love you dearly seems to be saying what must be a matter of course."

"I do not see that at all," she replied with spirit.

"I do love you very dearly. If I may be allowed to think that you will be my wife, I shall be the happiest man in England. I know how great is the honour which I seek, how immense in every way is the gift which I ask you to give me. Can you love me?"

"No," she said, again dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Is that all the answer, Miss Hotspur?"

"What should I say? How ought I to answer you? If I could say it without seeming to be unkind, indeed, indeed, I would do so."

"Perhaps I have been abrupt."

"It is not that. When you ask me—to—to—love you, of course I know what you mean. Should I not speak the truth at once?"

"Must this be for always?"

"For always," she replied. And then it was over.

He did not himself press his suit further, though he remained at Humblethwaite for three days after this interview.

Before lunch on that day the story had been told by Emily to her mother,

and by Lord Alfred to Sir Harry. Lady Elizabeth knew well enough that the story would never have to be told in another way. Sir Harry by no means so easily gave up his enterprise. He proposed to Lord Alfred that Emily should be asked to reconsider her verdict. With his wife he was very round, saying that an answer given so curtly should go for nothing, and that the girl must be taught her duty. With Emily himself he was less urgent, less authoritative, and indeed at last somewhat suppliant. He explained to her how excellent would be the marriage; how it would settle this terrible responsibility which now lay on his shoulders with so heavy a weight; how glorious would be her position; and how the Hotspurs would still live as a great family could she bring herself to be obedient. And he said very much in praise of Lord Alfred, pointing out how good a man he was, how moral, how diligent, how safe, how clever,—how sure, with the assistance of the means which she would give him, to be one of the notable men of the country. But she never yielded an inch. She said very little,—answered him hardly a word, standing close to him, holding by his arm and his hand. There was the fact, that she would not have the man, would not have the man now or ever, certainly would not have him; and Sir Harry, let him struggle as he might, and talk his best, could not keep himself from giving absolute credit to her assurance.

The visit was prolonged for three days, and then Lord Alfred left Humblethwaite Hall, with less appreciation of all its beauties than he had felt as he was first being driven up to the Hall doors. When he went, Sir Harry could only bid God bless him, and assure him that, should he ever choose to try his fortune again, he should have all the aid which a father could give him.

"It would be useless," said Lord Alfred; "she knows her own mind too well."

And so he went his way.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

THREE LECTURES

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

LECTURE III.

IN my two former lectures I have striven to set before you the plain facts of the origin and early history of the English nation. We are a Low-Dutch people, who left our old home in the course of the fifth and sixth centuries and found ourselves a new home by conquest in the Isle of Britain. That island, lately a Roman province, had been a short time before left to itself, and was in a state of utter anarchy and disorganization. Its invaders were invaders of a different kind from the other Teutonic settlers in the Empire. While the conquerors of the continental provinces had all been brought more or less under Roman and Christian influences, the Angles and Saxons still remained in their old barbarism and their old heathenism. On the other hand, the withdrawal of the Roman power from Britain had of itself awakened strictly national feelings, and a spirit of national resistance, such as did not exist elsewhere. From these two differences, above all others, arose a wide difference between the Teutonic Conquest of Britain and the Teutonic conquests on the Continent. On the Continent the settlement was speedy; it met with little resistance, with no strictly national resistance; it involved comparatively little change beyond the transfer of political power; the conquered were neither slain, driven out, nor enslaved; they retained their laws and a fixed share of their possessions; the conquerors gradually adopted the language and the religion of the conquered, and in the course of centuries they were absorbed into their greater mass. In

Britain on the other hand the conquest was an affair of centuries; the invaders everywhere met with a resolute national resistance; the land was won bit by bit by hard fighting, and the periods of success on the part of the conquerors alternated with times of reverse during which the work of conquest stood still. In the end the laws, the arts, the language, the creed, of the conquered people were swept away; the conquerors retained their own laws and language, and though they at last embraced the same religion as the conquered, yet it was not from the conquered that they embraced it. They embraced it moreover in a form so far differing from the religion of the conquered as to awaken sectarian disputes from the very beginning. These are the simple facts of history, facts which no one who has ordinary historical knowledge and insight will dispute. The question is only as to the inference to be drawn from the facts. Am I or am I not justified in inferring from those facts that the English of the nineteenth century are essentially the descendants of the English of the fifth and sixth centuries—that the population which they found in the land which they conquered was for the most part killed or driven out—that such remnants of them as survived, and such other strangers as have since made either warlike or peaceful settlements among us, have been simply absorbed into the greater English mass? Am I or am I not justified in inferring, that, though our blood is not absolutely unmixed, yet it is not more mixed than the blood of other nations; that the Englishman of the nineteenth century as truly represents, and is as probably descended from, the Englishman of the

sixth century, as the Briton, the Dane, or the High-German of the nineteenth century represents and is descended from the Briton, the Dane, or the High-German of the sixth?

That is my position. I have already given the evidence for it; not every scrap of evidence which I could bring in a work to be pored over in the closet, but that broad and simple kind of evidence which is best suited to come home to the minds of a popular audience. I have brought evidence enough, I think, to do what I hold to be the great object of lectures of this kind, to set you reading and thinking for yourselves. It is now time to look, in the same rough and general way in which alone we can look, at some of the arguments which are brought on the other side. There are writers who, not out of mere ignorance, not out of a mere slip of the tongue, assert that the English people are not mainly descended from the Teutons who conquered Britain, but from the Britons whom they conquered. In a word they tell us that Englishmen are not Englishmen, but that they are something else.

I put the proposition purposely in this broad shape, because I know it is a shape which the holders of the doctrine of which I speak would at once reject. If there are any holders of that doctrine in this room, they need not trouble themselves to get up and protest; I can do the protesting for them; I know exactly what they wish to say. They wish to say that they do not maintain any such monstrous doctrine as that Englishmen are not Englishmen, but something else; what they maintain is that Englishmen are not wholly or chiefly *Anglo-Saxons*. I think I have now at least put it pretty fairly. But I thought it right to put it the other way too, because I really believe that most of the controversy and confusion on the subject is owing to nothing in the world but mere confusion and carelessness as to nomenclature. You will say that nomenclature is my hobby; and so it is. But it has become my hobby because long study and experience has shown me its paramount importance; because I know that ideas

and the names of those ideas always influence one another, and that clear ideas and a confused nomenclature never can exist together. I would ask objectors what they mean by *Anglo-Saxons*. I know what I mean by it. *Anglo-Saxon* is a word which I very seldom use, because it is of all words the most likely to be misunderstood; but it is in itself a perfectly good word and has a perfectly good meaning. It is often used in the charters, the public documents, of the tenth and eleventh centuries, but it is not often used except in public documents. It is seldom used except in the royal title, where we often find the King called "King of the Anglo-Saxons." This means simply King of the *Angles and Saxons*, King of the nation formed by an union of Angles and Saxons. *Rex Anglo-Saxonum* is simply a short way of saying *Rex Anglorum et Saxonum*. And King of the Angles and Saxons is of course a fuller and more correct title than King of the Angles or English alone. But, as a matter of fact, after the Teutonic states in Britain had been fused into one kingdom, though "Anglo-Saxons" was doubtless the more correct and solemn description, "Angli," "English," was the one commonly used, while "Saxon" was never used as the name of the united nation. But remember that *Anglo-Saxon* does not mean *Saxons in England* as distinguished from Saxons somewhere else; it does not mean people who lived before 1066 as distinguished from people who lived afterwards. It is simply a shorter way of saying "Angles and Saxons," and a shorter way still is saying "English." In short, "English" and "Anglo-Saxon" are words which mean exactly the same thing, and to say that Englishmen are not Anglo-Saxons is exactly the same thing as saying that Englishmen are not Englishmen.

When men speak in this way, what they really mean is one or both of two very different things, which they generally contrive to confuse together. We say that the English are Teutons, speaking a Teutonic language; that they are the same people, speaking the same lan-

guage, as when they came to Britain in the fifth century, allowing only for those changes in language and everything else which cannot fail to happen in fourteen hundred years. Then they say, "Oh but the English are not the Anglo-Saxons." By this they mean one or both of two things, either of which may be true or false, but which have nothing to do with one another. Sometimes they mean that the English language has changed so much, chiefly through causes which are the result of the Norman Conquest, that it has become another language, and that it is not right to call modern English by the same name as Old-English. The old form they call Anglo-Saxon, and the people who spoke it Anglo-Saxons; the new form they call English, and the people who speak it Englishmen. This objection, you will at once see, has nothing to do with anything which happened before the Norman Conquest. It is consistent with believing that the people whom the Normans found here were of the purest Teutonic blood and spoke the purest Teutonic language. The other proposition is that the people whom the Normans found in England were not a Teutonic, but mainly a Celtic people, a Celtic people of course who had learned to speak Teutonic. Now this objection has nothing to do with anything which happened after the Norman Conquest. It is consistent with believing in the most perfect identity in blood and speech and everything else between the Englishman of the nineteenth century and the Englishman of the eleventh. Only it affirms that neither the one nor the other has any right to be called Teutonic. Now you will see that these two propositions have absolutely nothing to do with one another. You may believe or disbelieve either, or neither, or both, without the one having the slightest influence on the other. But I can see that the two are often unconsciously mixed up together in the minds of those who will not accept the identity of the English of the nineteenth century with the English in the fifth. Of both these

doctrines I must say a little, but I need not say nearly so much about the first as about the second. The first is in some sort a question of words; it is hardly a question of facts, except so far as words themselves are facts. Our language, as I have already said, has greatly changed in the space of eight hundred years. It has changed so much that the English of eight hundred years back is at first sight or hearing unintelligible. In this however I would remind you that English in no way differs from other languages; the language spoken in any other part of Europe eight hundred years back is at first sight or hearing unintelligible to those who know only its modern form. If any one chooses to call this a difference of language, it is simply a question of words. If any one chooses to call the later form English and the older form Anglo-Saxon, he is using what I think is a very confused and misleading nomenclature, but he is not necessarily saying anything which is incorrect in point of fact. The objection to this way of speaking is mainly this. It leads men to confound one sort of change with quite another sort of change. If we allow ourselves to talk of English and Anglo-Saxon as two different languages, we shall be almost sure to confound their relations to one another with quite a different sort of relations. One often sees such expressions as that a modern English word is *derived* from the Anglo-Saxon, while another modern English word is derived from the Latin or some other foreign language. The word *derived* is here used in two quite different senses. A Romance word in modern use, the word *derived* itself or any other, may be strictly said to be derived from the Latin. That is to say, it was not our own word; it was borrowed, it was adopted, from some other language; there was a time when it was not in use and when it would have been looked upon as a purely foreign word. There must have been, if we could only find him out, some one man who brought it in as a novelty, and some particular day when he used

it for the first time. But the old words which have always been in use, the words which English has in common with the other Teutonic languages, *house* and *child* and *man* and *father* and *mother* and so forth, cannot be said to be *derived* from anything. They have always been in use; the utmost change that has happened to them is some small change in spelling or perhaps in sound. The modern forms cannot be said to be derived from the older forms, any more than a man can be said to be derived from himself when he was some years younger. So again I have seen such phrases as "the Anglo-Saxon language giving way to the English, or being exchanged for the English." Now these expressions are perfectly correct when they are applied to cases in which one language really displaces another. Thus English has displaced Welsh as the language of Cornwall. That is to say, people left off speaking Welsh and took to speaking English, there being of course an intermediate stage when most people spoke both languages. The English language, as a ready made whole, displaced the Welsh language as another whole. But there was no time when men in England left off talking one language called Anglo-Saxon and took to talking another language called English. There was no time when one man could have said to another, "I speak English and you speak Anglo-Saxon." But there was a time when one man in Cornwall could have said to another, "I speak English and you speak Welsh." The difference between Anglo-Saxon, or Old-English, or whatever we call it, and the English which we speak now, is not a difference between one language and another, any more than the difference between a man when he is young and the same man when he is old is the difference between one man and another. The change has been very great, but it has not been the displacement of one language by another, but a change within the language itself. It is therefore better and clearer to speak of it as one

language throughout, and to call it throughout by that one name by which it has always been called by those who spoke it.

Still, a man may choose to say that the changes which have happened in the English language during the last eight hundred years, the loss of inflexions and the infusion of Romance words into the vocabulary, have gone so far that he thinks it best to speak of it as another language. He may even, though I cannot conceive any reason for doing so, think good to call the older speech Anglo-Saxon and the later speech English. If so, it is only his nomenclature that I quarrel with. He may himself be perfectly right in all his facts, though he uses a nomenclature which is certain to lead other people wrong. The other objection, the objection that the English people, say in the ninth, tenth, or eleventh century, were not a Teutonic people, involves still graver errors. People who speak in this way are not merely calling right facts by wrong names; they are utterly wrong in the facts themselves. I put it to the sense of those who heard my last lecture. Is it possible that the differences which I then pointed out between the English Conquest of Britain and the other Teutonic conquests can be consistent with the belief that the English, whether of the ninth or of the nineteenth century, are simply Celts more or less Teutonized? I appeal to the evidence of your own tongues and your own ears. Do you speak Welsh? do you speak Latin? I trow not; whatever tongues we may have learned since, we learned English and nothing else from our mothers and nurses. There is the great fact of fourteen hundred years; a very simple fact, but a very great one. We do not speak Welsh or Latin, but we do speak English. And those who carry opposition to my views to the furthest point, will not deny that English is even now more Teutonic than anything else; they will not deny that a thousand years back it was almost wholly Teutonic. Now the presumption is that a people using a Teutonic speech

are a Teutonic people. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say that the fact that a people uses a Teutonic speech is a *proof* that they are a Teutonic people; I only say that it is a *presumption* that they are so. I mean that we may assume them to be Teutonic, unless somebody can show that they are not. I am not bound to prove that the English, say of the ninth century, were a Teutonic people, any more than I am bound to prove that the Welsh of the same age were a Celtic people. I accept both facts on the strength of the presumption of language till somebody proves that they were something else. If a man says that the English of the ninth century were not Teutonic, he must be ready to show what they were, and how it came to pass that they exchanged their own language, whatever it was, for a Teutonic language. The answer is of course ready, "Oh, the Britons, when conquered by the Angles and Saxons, adopted their language, as many other nations have adopted the languages of other nations." I ask for proof: I ask for a parallel. It is true that nations have often adopted the languages of other nations. They have sometimes adopted the language of those whom they have conquered; they have sometimes adopted the language of those who have conquered them. But this has always been under circumstances widely different from anything which can be conceived as happening at the English Conquest of Britain. Take for instance the language of Rome herself. Latin became throughout the whole Roman Empire the speech of government, law, and military discipline. And in a large part of the Empire it became also the speech of common life. It became the speech of common life wherever the Roman conqueror came also as a teacher and a civilizer, wherever the sway of Rome was not a mere sway of superior power, but a sway which carried with it a marked improvement upon the earlier state of things. The living tongues of Gaul, Spain, and Dacia show how complete was the conquest made by the Latin

speech wherever it had to struggle only against languages less formed and cultivated than itself. But wherever the Greek tongue had taken hold, whether through original Hellenic descent, through Greek colonization, or through Macedonian conquest, there Latin strove in vain against the speech which set the model to its own literature. Not only did Greek hold its own in all the Hellenic and Hellenized provinces; it went far to displace Latin as the tongue of polite intercourse among Latin-speaking people themselves. Roman Emperors wrote their philosophical works in the tongue of their Greek subjects; no Greek philosopher ever stooped to write his works in the tongue of his Roman master. Greek, Latin, Arabic, have displaced a vast number of earlier tongues in Europe, Asia, and Africa. They displaced the earlier tongues wherever the Greek, Roman, or Saracenic conqueror was decidedly the superior in arts as well as arms of the nations which he overcame. But the ancient tongues of Syria and Egypt have lived through all three conquests. Each is now the speech only of a small remnant, because only a small remnant of the nation survives; but so far as the nation exists, its speech has not been displaced. So the Teutonic conquests of Gaul, Spain, and Italy failed to displace Latin; the Turkish conquest of south-eastern Europe has failed to displace Greek, Slavonic, Albanian, and the Latin of Dacia; the might of Russia has striven in vain to get rid of Polish, German, and Swedish in her conquered territories. But on the other hand German, High and Low, has displaced Slavonic as the speech of large populations on the eastern frontier of Germany, because the German came among the Slaves, not only as a conqueror, but as the teacher of a higher civilization and a purer religion, as the missionary alike of Rome's Cæsar and of Rome's Pontiff. So the tongues of the various colonizing nations of Europe, English and Spanish above all, have displaced the original tongues of countless barbarous nations

in their several colonial empires. The law seems to be an universal one; in a case of mere conquest, mere settlement, where the conquered are simply politically subdued and are not further disturbed, the speech of the higher civilization, whether that of the conquerors or of the conquered, is sure to triumph. Where there is no very marked difference in point of civilization, the language of the conquered, as the language of the greater number, will probably triumph. Take for instance our own conquest by the Normans. There was no overwhelming superiority on either side; Norman and Englishman had each something to learn of the other; the final result was that the greater English mass absorbed the smaller Norman mass, and that the English tongue, though a good deal modified by the struggle, did in the end win back its old place from the French. No instance can be shown in which a small body of conquerors, settling among a people more civilized than themselves, communicated their own language to them. If the English people were mainly of Celtic descent, if the Angles and Saxons had been simply a small body, settling among the conquered and at most forming an aristocracy among them—had the English Conquest, in short, been only such a conquest as the Frankish conquest of Gaul or the Norman Conquest of England—we may set it down as absolutely certain that the speech of the conquered would have triumphed in the end, and that we should now be speaking, not a Teutonic, but a Romance or, far more probably, a Celtic language. Under the circumstances of the English Conquest, the displacement of language beyond all doubt implies the displacement of those who spoke it. That is to say, the English Conquest, during its heathen stage, was a conquest of extermination, so far as that name can be applied to any conquest at all.

Ingenuous men go on further to tell us that, after all, purely Teutonic as the oldest form of English seems to be, there is a large Celtic and Latin element

mingled with it. Again I repeat, no language ever kept its vocabulary perfectly pure. If the English, settling themselves in a country where Celtic and Latin had been spoken, had not adopted a single Celtic or Latin word, that assuredly would have been the marvel, and not the other way. There is not a single European colony, not even those who have been most diligent in extirpating the native inhabitants, who have not picked up a word or two from them before their destruction was quite finished. From India and China, where we appear as conquerors and traders, not as mere destroyers, we pick up more words. A few Celtic words made their way into Latin; a few Latin words made their way into Greek. When two nations come into contact, whether as friends or as enemies, each will always borrow a few words from the other. The words adopted will be words expressing something specially belonging to the people from whom they are borrowed; words like *tea*, *shawl*, and *sash*, which seem familiar enough now, are neither Teutonic, Celtic, nor Latin, but come from the tongues of the different Eastern nations from which we first got the things. So the word *basket*, there can be no manner of doubt, is a Celtic word, and it has found its way from the Celtic both into Latin and into English. I am not master of the antiquities of basket-making, but I conceive that there must have been some special merit about the Celtic baskets which commended them, name and thing, to the adoption of two distinct sets of conquerors. But the integrity of a language, Latin, English, or any other, is not touched by taking in a few stray guests of this kind. Let us see what the Celtic and Latin element in the earliest English really is. Let us look first at the local nomenclature. We have been triumphantly asked whether, if the English people had been purely Teutonic, Celtic names like Kent, Bernicia, Deornarice or Deira, would have become the names of English kingdoms. I am standing here in Deira, and I do not think that I have around me an

assembly of Welshmen. It is possible there may be among my hearers some citizen of Massachusetts or Connecticut. Does he look on himself as a Red Indian? Yet if the fact that a few Old-English kingdoms retained native names proves that they retained a native population, exactly the same argument will apply to the New-English States which in the like sort have retained native names. And we may mark that in neither case can the retention of native names be called the rule. Among the Old-English kingdoms and principalities, as among the thirteen original States of the American Union, the native names are quite the exception. Names of natural objects also often retain their names; it is in the nature of things that they should. There could have been no conceivable motive for giving new names either to the Thames and the Severn or to the Mississippi and the Susquehanna. Great cities again also often kept their names in a more or less modified shape. And along with the proper names, a few other words also crept in. A few Latin words crept in from the beginning. The most remarkable historically are *street* and *chester*. A *street* is strictly a paved way, the *strata via* of the Romans, and the name was applied to the great Roman roads, the Watling Street and the rest. We may be sure that our fathers had seen no such roads in their own land, and they naturally called the new thing by its native name, just as we now call anything new to us in India or any other country by its native name. So with *chester*, the older form being *ceaster* from *castrum*. The Roman city had sprung out of the Roman camp, and camp and city were alike new things to men who looked on stone walls as a prison. The purely Roman object kept its purely Roman name; men spoke of a *ceaster* then, just as in New Zealand now they speak of a *pah*. How strange the notion of a fortified city was is shown by the way in which the word *ceaster* was added to the old names of places; Gloucester, Manchester, Doncaster, and a crowd of

other places are called from the old Roman or British name with *ceaster* added to it. Sometimes an English word is added, as London is sometimes called *Lundenwic* and *Lundenbyrig*; but I know of no case where *ceaster* is added to a name of English origin. The lists of Latin words in Old-English which are given in books written on the other side commonly carry their own confutation with them. Some of them are absolutely off the point, not being words derived from Latin at all, but simply Aryan words which have been preserved both in Latin and in English. Some are ecclesiastical words. Is it very wonderful that words like *Angel*, *Bishop*, *Mass*, and the like, words expressing ideas for which our forefathers could not have had names while they were heathens, crept from Latin into English, as most of them had already crept from Greek into Latin? The wonder is that our forefathers translated so many ecclesiastical words as they did. We still call the Paschal feast by the heathen name of *Easter*, and the Lord's Day, the *dies dominica*, the *dimanche*, is still with us a heathen *Sunday*. We now talk of *baptize* and *baptism*, but, as our High-Dutch kinsfolk still say *taufen*, to *dip*, our forefathers spoke of *fullian* and *fulluht*, lost words, but of which we still keep a cognate in the name of the *fuller's* trade, the trade of washing and cleansing. So in the old translation of the Gospel, the name Jesus, the Saviour, appears always as the *Hælend*, the healer. The other words, words which seem to have been largely gleaned from glossaries, and most of which do not meet us every day in our Chronicles, are almost wholly names of objects, fruits, utensils, weights and measures, the things which one language is always borrowing from another. Is it wonderful that we borrowed names like *cherry* and *chest* in *chestnut* from the Latin, when the Latin names themselves are not originally Latin at all, but are Greek names formed from the places in Greece and Asia from which the Romans got those fruits first of all? Men then spoke of pears and cherries and chest-

nuts, just as we now speak of guava and mangoes, and dozens of other names of the kind. It is still to be shown that any of the words which form the real essence of our ancient speech come from a Latin source.

The truth is that the words of this kind which thus naturally crept into our tongue are the exceptions which prove the rule. Our fathers picked up new words to express new ideas just as we do now, but such new words do not in either case affect the essence of the language, and do not prove any large intermixture of blood. If there was any such large intermixture of blood, if the English were not Teutonic but Teutonized Celts, a Celtic people with at most a Teutonic aristocracy, how is the displacement of language to be accounted for? how is the utter gap to be accounted for, which, as I showed in my last lecture, divides the period before the English Conquest from the period after it? How is it that, with one important exception that I shall presently speak of, we have so few references to the existence of any British population within the English borders, and that when we do find such references, they are always spoken of as a distinct people, not as forming the mass of the English population? What became of the speech, the laws, and the religion of the Roman province? If the English Conquest of Britain had been no more than one of the contemporary continental conquests or than the Norman Conquest of England, they would doubtless have survived. And ingenious men have tried to show that they did survive. Here comes the difficulty of popular lectures of this kind. When an objection takes the form of a long series of minute assertions, which can be refuted only by a series of equally minute answers, it is impossible to deal adequately with the matter before a large audience, and yet, if one leaves it alone, one seems to be shirking difficulties. I can only say that I cannot see any sign of Roman influence in our early institutions. I see striking analogies—I have myself in my published

works pointed out some of them—between old Teutonic institutions and the institutions of other Aryan nations, Italian, Greek, and others. But of any direct influence of the Roman Law I can see no trace. I cannot see a single office, a single name, a single legal process, a single constitutional principle, which can be really proved to have been handed on from the Roman or the Briton to his Teutonic conqueror. I see plenty of such on the Continent; I can see none in Britain. We are told for instance that our municipal institutions are of Roman origin. I ask for the proof, and I cannot get it. At most I get analogies, and not very strong analogies. Let us again compare the island and the continent. When I look on the Capitol of Toulouse, when I find the old title of the magistracy of the city to have been the "*Octoviri Capitolini*," when I go to Alby and find inscriptions recording the acts of her Consuls down to the great French Revolution, I feel that I am truly on Roman ground, that I am in a city where Roman traditions had never died out. But no such feeling is awakened by such purely Teutonic officers as the Portreeves,¹ the Aldermen, the Lawmen, of London, York, and Lincoln. The Mayor, I need not say, is, by that title, a French importation; so is the Bailiff. There was a Mayor too at Alby; and in the very inscriptions which I am thinking of, the French Mayor is coupled with the Roman Consuls exactly as the Mayor of any English town is coupled with the Teutonic Aldermen. The title of Alderman, the oldest, and once the highest, title in the English tongue, is a happy instance of true analogy, which may possibly have been turned into false derivation. In an early state of society, age implies rule, and rule implies age. Words therefore which at first simply meant old men have come in various languages to mean rulers and magistrates of

¹ In the word *Portreeve* (Portgerefa) the first syllable is doubtless of Latin origin. *Port* is one of the same class of words as *street* and *chester*. But the compound *Portreeve* is purely English.

different degrees. The *Aldermen* of England answer thoroughly to the *Senators* of Rome; they answer no less thoroughly to the *Gerontes* of Sparta. The analogy, as an analogy, is delightful, but it is only an analogy. A like state of things, among three kindred nations, produced a like result. But when we ask for direct evidence, there is just as much to show that our municipal institutions were derived from Sparta as there is to show that they were derived from Rome.

But it is certain that we have in our ancient writers notices which imply the existence of Britons within the English frontier long after the English Conquest. Let us see what hints they give us as to the position of these Britons, and whether they at all fall in with the belief that Britons with a certain Teutonic whitewash upon them formed the mass of the English population. It is almost startling to find, in the local history of Ramsey, a perfectly incidental expression of one of the actors in the story, implying the possibility of an attack by British robbers in the days of Cnut. No one would have fancied that, in Huntingdonshire in the eleventh century, there could have been any danger from robbers of that nation at all events. It is of course possible to argue that a mere incidental notice of this kind is not authority enough to make us believe so unlikely a fact. But it is just because the fact is so unlikely, because the notice is so incidental, that I am inclined to think that there must be something in it. Still, if we accept the story, let us accept it as proving what it does prove and not as proving something else. Of all things in the world that which it goes the least way towards proving is that the people of Huntingdonshire in the eleventh century were mainly of Celtic descent. It is strange to hear of British robbers in that country so many hundred years after the original conquest. But the fact, if it be a fact, that there were in Huntingdonshire men distinguished as Britons shows most distinctly that they were something distinct from the mass of the people of

Huntingdonshire, and consequently that the mass of the people of Huntingdonshire were not Britons. It is certainly passing strange if a detached body of Welshmen could maintain themselves so long in a district so far away from any of their more settled brethren. But among the fens and islands of that region, a region which gave shelter to the men who fled from the face of so many successive oppressors, the thing is perhaps possible. I do not commit myself to the fact; but I do insist that, if it be a fact, it is a strong argument, not for, but against the belief that the English people in general are of Celtic descent.

I am not quite sure whether this particular story has ever been brought to prove that Englishmen are not Englishmen. But arguments quite as strange and quite as self-refuting have been brought. For instance, an argument to show that the English people are mainly of Welsh descent has actually been sought in the fact that certain of the western shires, my own shire of the *Sumorsetas* among them, were known as the *Wealhcygn*, the Welsh folk or land. Now I think it is a simple matter of common sense, about which I may appeal to any man in this room, which way this fact looks. Surely the fact that certain shires were known distinctively as the Welsh country is one of the strongest possible arguments that the other shires were not a Welsh country. But this fact that the western shires were known as the *Wealhcygn* is a fact of great importance, and one which I have purposely kept back till this stage of my argument. You may remember that, when I spoke of the utter overthrow and havoc made by our forefathers in their conquests, I carefully confined what I had to say on that head to the days of heathen conquest. There can be no doubt that the introduction of Christianity made a most important difference in this respect. By far the greater part of what became England had been conquered while the English were still heathens. All the eastern and most

part of the southern and midland districts of the country had been wrested from the Welsh before the preaching of Augustine. The Teutonic frontier in Britain already reached northward to the Forth and westward to the Severn. It is certain however that, even within this limit, there were at the end of the sixth century large British districts which were still unsubdued. In this northern part of England for instance, there were, at the accession of Eadwine, independent Britons at no great distance from York itself. It was Eadwine who added to the Northumbrian Kingdom the hitherto Welsh districts of Loidis and Elmet, the names of both of which still survive. Loidis still lives in the familiar name of the town of Leeds, and Elmet is still recognized as the name of a district in such additions as Barwick-in-Elmet and the like. And one or two Welsh names of places survive in that part of Yorkshire, Aberford, for instance, one of those curious names in which one part of the word is English and another part Welsh. So again there can be little doubt that a large part of the western midland counties, above all the wild Peakland of Derbyshire, was not conquered till after the coming of Augustine. Still, however, these last conquests belong to the period of heathen invasion; they were probably joined to Mercia by the fierce heathen conqueror Penda, and I do not think that we shall find that in any of the Mercian lands east of the Severn the Briton has left more traces behind him than he has in Kent or Norfolk. When we cross the Severn, the case is different. We then get into the real Welsh march. One of the greatest English conquests of the eighth century was that which changed the Welsh town of Pen-y-wern into the English Shrewsbury. Hereford was long an English outpost against the Welsh, and indeed in parts of Herefordshire the names of places are Welsh, and it is not so very long since the Welsh language died out there. The Severn, I think, must be taken as the extent of complete English conquest, of

utter annihilation of older inhabitants and older systems, in that part of Britain.

But it is in another part of England that we can best study the difference between the two periods of heathen and of Christian conquest. The shires which were known as the *Wealhcygn*, the Welsh country, were the south-western shires, Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset. Of Cornwall I need hardly speak. Every one knows that it is essentially a British country, a country where the local nomenclature is mainly Celtic, and where a Celtic language was spoken perhaps not much more than a hundred years back. But I do not think that people so generally take in that what happened in Cornwall was the same process which happened also, only more speedily and more thoroughly, in Devon and in most part of Somerset. That is, the process of assimilation as distinguished from that of extirpation. What the writers against whom I argue fancy to have happened in the whole of England really did happen to a great extent in those two particular shires. There is a certain Celtic element in Devonshire, though it is much less strong than in Cornwall, and there is a certain Celtic element in Somersetshire, though it is much less strong than in Devonshire. Any one who knows the country, any one who, even at a distance, looks carefully at the map, will be able to make out a sprinkling of Celtic names and other Celtic indications, beginning at the Axe and getting thicker and thicker till we cross the Tamar into the strictly Celtic land of Cornwall. In these districts there can be no doubt that, just as in Cornwall, the population is very largely of Celtic descent, and has been simply assimilated to the English. The cause of the difference is manifest. The Axe was the last boundary of heathen conquest; all to the south-west of that river was gradually won by the Christian Kings of the West-Saxons. Mark here the effect of Christianity. It did its work, as it generally does its work, slowly and silently; it did not at once

turn men into angels; it did not make all men at once as perfectly virtuous and as perfectly consistent as the very best men, now or then; but it certainly did make men much better than they were before. Christianity did not at once put a stop to fighting and conquering; it has not put a stop to fighting and conquering yet; but it certainly made the processes of fighting and conquering much less frightful than they were before. With the introduction of Christianity our forefathers ceased to be mere destroyers; they were satisfied with being conquerors. Instead of dealing with the vanquished as with wild beasts, they were now content to receive them, not indeed as their political equals, but still as fellow-Christians and fellow-subjects. In the districts which were conquered after the conversion of the English, the conquered Briton was freely admitted to the protection of the law, and he was not forbidden the possession of landed property. He was not indeed looked on as the equal of his conqueror. In those days each man had his value, according to his rank. Every man's oath was worth something, but the oath of one man of higher rank was reckoned as equal to the oaths of several men of lower rank. Every man's life was worth something; a fine was to be paid for the slaying of any man, but the fine for slaying a man of higher rank was higher than the fine for slaying a man of lower rank. The fine for slaying the King was very high indeed, for an Ealdorman less, and so on downwards. Now according to this rule, we find that the oath of the Welshman and the blood of the Welshman, though they were worth something, were not looked on as being worth so much as the oath and the blood of an Englishman. This at once marks his position. He is no longer a slave, an enemy, or a wild beast, but a fellow-subject, though a fellow-subject of inferior rank. So again in this part of England we do actually find some traces of that ecclesiastical continuity with the Church of

the conquered which is so conspicuous on the Continent, but of which we have no trace in any other part of England. Canterbury and York have no connection with the early British Church; but go to Glastonbury, and there what people simply dream of in other places becomes a real and living fact. Somersetshire between Axe and Parret was conquered by the Christian Cænwealh; Somersetshire beyond Parret was conquered by the famous lawgiver Ine. Unlike their forefathers in their heathen days, but exactly like the Christian Teutons in their continental conquests, the West-Saxon conquerors now spared, honoured, and enriched the great ecclesiastical establishment of the conquered. The ancient church of wood or wicker, which legend spoke of as the first temple reared on British soil to the honour of Christ, was preserved as a hallowed relic, even after a greater church of stone was built by Dunstan to the east of it. And though not a fragment of either of those buildings still remains, yet each alike is represented in the peculiar arrangements of that mighty and now fallen minster. The wooden church of the Briton is represented by the famous Lady chapel, better known as the chapel of Saint Joseph; the stone church of the West-Saxon is represented by the vast Abbey church itself. Nowhere else can we see the works of the conquerors and the works of the conquered thus standing, though but in a figure, side by side. Nowhere else, among all the churches of England, can we find one which can thus trace up its uninterrupted being to days before the Teuton had set foot upon British soil. The legendary burial-place of Arthur, the real burying-place of Eadgar and the two Eadmunds, stands alone among English minsters as the one link which really does bind us to the ancient Church of the Briton and the Roman.

Now what does all this prove? Here is one particular part of England known as the *Wealhcygn*. In that particular part of England we see that a large Welsh population did survive, and

became the subject of special legislation. In that particular part of England we find, in one great ecclesiastical foundation at least, a real religious continuity between the Church of the conqueror and the Church of the conquered. But in all these respects the district so distinguished stands alone, and we can see plain reasons in the facts of history why it should stand alone. The very name of *Wealthe cyn* points to this district as having a special character, a character differing from, and opposed to, the other shires of the *Anglecyn*. The legislation about Welshmen is peculiar to Wessex; we find no legislation about Welshmen in the laws of Kent or of other parts of England. And it is peculiar to Wessex at one particular age. The distinction which was so broadly marked in the laws of Ine seems to have died out before the time of Ælfred. Everything shows that the state of things in these western shires was exceptional, and that it was felt to be so. That they were known as the Welsh country is the strongest of all proofs that the rest of England was not a Welsh country. That in them there was a Welsh population, calling for special legislation, while no such legislation was needed elsewhere, is the strongest of all proofs that no such Welsh population existed in other parts of England. If I asserted that the blood of Englishmen was purely Teutonic, as a matter of physical purity, it would certainly be answer enough to show that three shires of England largely retained their Welsh population. But as I do not affirm, and as nobody that I know affirms, any such impossible paradox, the distinctive and exceptional character of this particular district sets off by the clearest light of contrast the essentially Teutonic character of England in general.

These districts of England, which are only Teutonized and not strictly Teutonic, where the Welsh population was not extirpated but gradually assimilated, find a striking parallel in a part of continental Europe of which I have already briefly spoken. I mean those lands in the east of Germany where the Teutonic

speech, High in some districts, Low in others, has been spread over a large range of country originally Slavonic and Lithuanian. The greater part of the older Kingdom of Prussia, as well as all the eastern part of the dominions of the Prussian Crown in Germany, together with much of the Austrian territory and of the modern Kingdom of Saxony, come under this head. Eastern Germany, like south-western England, is not a purely Teutonic, but only a Teutonized land. A very large part of the German population, including such exalted personages as the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and the Prime Minister of Prussia, are Germans only in the sense in which a Cornish *Tre*, *Pol*, or *Pen* is an Englishman. And the part of Germany whose inhabitants are mainly Teutonized Slaves forms a much larger portion of the whole country than the part of England whose inhabitants are mainly Teutonized Celts. If the Celtic element in Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset destroys the claim of Englishmen to be Teutons, the Slavonic element in Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Lusatia, the Old-Prussian or Lithuanian element in Prussia itself, must go much further to destroy the claims of Germans to be looked upon as Teutons. As I said before, no nation is really of pure blood; all that I contend is that the blood of Englishmen is not more mingled than the blood of other nations. I have no doubt that the Slavonic element in the modern Germans is greater than the Celtic element in the modern English. But if you told a German that he was not a Teuton, that is, if you told him that Dutch was not Dutch, he would be a little amazed. I should be the last man to dispute his right to the Teutonic name; I only say that, if he is a Teuton, we are Teutons still more.

The parallel between eastern Germany and south-western England is in fact very close, and might be carried out in much greater detail. The lands like Mecklenburg, where German, High or Low, has wholly displaced Slavonic, answer to the West-Saxon *Wealthe cyn*, and

to Herefordshire and the other lands on the Mercian border where English has wholly displaced Welsh. Lands where German and Slavonic are struggling, Bohemia for instance and the Polish province of Posen, answer to Wales itself. And if we may take a wide leap over both Slavonic and Magyar lands, we might say that the English part of Pembrokeshire, Little England beyond Wales, where the blood is mainly Flemish and the speech therefore wholly English, answers to the distant and detached Saxon colonies in Transylvania. Both these settlements have kept themselves singularly distinct from their neighbours of other races. Their blood must be far more nearly what it was in the twelfth century than the blood of the German or English people in general. The Flemings of Pembrokeshire, the Saxons of Transylvania, must be among the purest Teutons in Europe. But absolute physical purity of blood I would not warrant even for them.

There is another analogy which is suggested by these exceptional districts of England. Here at least, it might be thought, where the conquered people so largely survived, the English Conquest did answer to the other Teutonic conquests. And as far as the mere question of descent goes, it clearly does so answer. But a little thought will show that all the circumstances of the two cases were different. We see the difference in the results. In the continental conquests the conquerors were merged in the conquered. Here in Britain, even where the conquered exceptionally survived, they were merged in the conquerors. Where the Briton was spared, he did not change his conqueror into a Welshman, but he himself became an Englishman. The cause of the difference is obvious. When the West-Saxons conquered the south-western peninsula, when the Mercians conquered Herefordshire and the other lands beyond the Severn, when your own Bretwalda Eadwine conquered the British kingdoms of Loidis and Elmet, none of them were simply seeking homes like the

first invaders; each conqueror was extending the borders of an already established kingdom. There was no reason for them in any way to respect or look up to the systems which they found established, as the Goths and Burgundians had respected the systems which they found established in the Roman provinces. The feeling entertained by the English towards the Welsh must have been mainly one of contempt. The English was the advancing, the Welsh was the decaying element. By this time there could have been no advantage in civilization on the Welsh side, or rather the advantage must have passed over to the English side. When the English became Christians, the single badge of superiority on the part of the Briton passed away. The English frontier thus advanced, and the inhabitants of each of the districts which were successively annexed were received as subjects of an English kingdom. They had now to live under English laws, and they were placed under every inducement to learn the English language. Thus, between English settlers who pressed in and native inhabitants who found themselves driven to adopt English ways, the whole of the annexed districts gradually became English. Somersetshire and Devonshire must have done so very early. The change in Somersetshire took place, to all appearance, between the time of Ine and the time of Ælfred; but it is certain that the population of Exeter was partly English, partly Welsh, up to the time of Æthelstan, by whom the Welsh inhabitants were driven out. In Cornwall the process was much slower. The country retained a kind of half-independence much later, and the English settlers were probably much fewer than in Somerset and Devon. But in the end, though the local nomenclature and a strong local feeling still remains, the English tongue has made good its dominion even over that stubborn peninsula.

But we are told that, not only in these districts, but in the whole land generally, there must be much Celtic

blood among us, because it is allowed at all hands that the women would often be spared, and that many even of the men would survive as slaves. So no doubt it was: there is doubtless some Celtic blood in us, as there is some alien blood in every other nation. As for the slaves, it is certain that the Welsh were enslaved to such a degree that the word *Wealth* is often used, especially in composition, to express a slave, and that the feminine *Wylne* is much more commonly used to express a female slave. This use of the word, let me remark, is exactly analogous to the use of the word *Slave* itself. In its own tongue it means *glorious*, but in most European tongues it has come to express bondage, simply through the number of Slavonic captives which the conquests of the Frankish Kings scattered through all lands. Here again the British element in England answers to the Slavonic element in Germany. Physical purity of blood cannot be claimed either for the continental or for the insular Teuton. But does the presence of an occasional British or Slavonic mother really affect the question either way? I trow not. When, in after times, a Norman adventurer married an English heiress, I believe that his son, born on English soil of an English mother, and succeeding, without force or displacement, to the estate of an English grandfather, felt as an Englishman rather than as a Norman. But I do not believe that this or that Englishman of the fifth or sixth century was any the less an Englishman because his mother might happen to be a Welsh captive. She might teach him to talk about a basket, but she did not teach him to worship Christ instead of Woden. Turkish Sultans and Pashas have had their harems filled with women from all quarters of the world, but their sons have not been any the less Turks. And, after all, there is every reason to believe that the infusion of Celtic blood through Celtic slaves or Celtic slave mothers was, even physically, not very great. It is significant that in Domesday the number of recorded slaves is

large in the shires touching on the Welsh border, small in the purely Teutonic districts. And it is worth noticing that legend directly points to the fact that the invaders, to a great extent at least, brought their own women with them. There are endless legends in which a settlement begins by the stranger marrying the daughter of the native chief. In the legend of the English occupation of Britain the native chief marries the daughter of the stranger.

Lastly, there are some points alleged to which it is really hard to give any serious thought. To prove that the English are not Teutonic we are gravely told that the modern English differ greatly in their tastes and habits from the modern Germans. What then? The examples quoted seem to come from München and Wien rather than from Bremen and Lübeck; but if they came from Angeln itself, what can they prove after a separation of fourteen hundred years? Turn to foreign accounts of Englishmen two or three hundred years back. We see at once a likeness to ourselves in those great aspects of political life which are the true flesh and blood of Englishmen. But in the mere details of taste and fashion there is often no likeness whatever. And those who seriously bring this as an argument are sometimes driven to acknowledge, with ludicrous simplicity, that those points of unlikeness between Germans and Englishmen which are gravely brought to show that Englishmen are not Englishmen are just as distinctive of Frenchmen as they are of Germans. That is to say, the difference is simply the difference between men of the continent and men of the island. Our insular position has given us a character of our own which widely distinguishes us from the French, and even from the High-Germans, and it is not very wonderful if it even distinguishes us from our Low-Dutch brethren also.

Lastly, we are told that we differ from the Germans, and I believe from the Hollanders too, in certain physical

peculiarities. They are a light-haired race; we are more commonly dark-haired; and, above all, there is some difference in the shape of our skulls, which involves a corresponding difference in the shape of our hats. The evidence from the hats, however, does not seem to be fully agreed upon; different measurers of hats seem to give different reports on the abstruse question whether Englishmen, Germans, or any other people, are entitled to be called either Roundheads or long-headed fellows. But, seriously, what does such an argument as this prove? First of all, I object to any High-Dutchman's hat being received as evidence. I must be certified that the German hats spoken of are specially adapted to genuine Saxon or Frisian heads. Then again, nothing can be plainer than that, among civilized nations at least, differences of this sort cannot be trusted as infallible. I presume that any differences which may be found between Celt and Teuton must have been originally caused by the influences of climate and manner of life. For, whatever we say of negroes or Tasmanians, we must at least assume that all the Aryan nations are sprung from a single stock. If the physical peculiarities of the Celts of Britain were in any way owing to their dwelling in Britain, the same influence would doubtless have the same effect on the Teutonic settlers also. I am told that types of skull do alter; that, for instance, the most degraded classes of our own population, whether Celtic or Teutonic, are beginning to show signs of an approach to some of the lower types of mankind. I know not how this may be; but every one knows that we are beginning to recognize a certain physical character as distinctive of our English brethren in America. If the influences of another climate have made a perceptible physical change in them in the space of two centuries, it is really not wonderful if the same kind of influence has wrought a perceptible physical change in us in the space of fourteen centuries.

As for the colour of eyes and hair, I

really cannot attach any importance to arguments drawn from features which are so liable to constant change. It is certain that the old Teutons are always described as a blue-eyed and light-haired race. It is equally certain that, among the modern English, eyes and hair of all colours are common, and that the darker kind would probably be found to have a numerical majority. But I do not see that any inference can be drawn from these facts to show that the English are not essentially Teutonic. At all events, these facts cannot prove that the English are essentially Celtic. For the Celts, no less than the Teutons, are spoken of as a light-haired or red-haired race; the different appearance of the Silurians, the people of South Wales, is specially noted by Roman writers, to whom it suggested the idea that they were an Iberian colony. And among the modern Welsh dark hair is certainly still more common than it is among the modern English. The argument from hair therefore, if it proves anything, would rather prove that Welsh and English alike are neither Celtic nor Teutonic, but Iberian. It would prove in truth that we are none of us Aryans at all, but that we are, after all, Basques who have somehow learned to talk Welsh in some parts and English in others.

On the other hand, though blue eyes and light hair are certainly commoner in Germany than in England, they are certainly not the universal rule. I have before now been in company where one dark-haired German was the exception among a party of light-haired English. On the other hand, our Norman Kings were light-haired, just as much as their English predecessors; and it is plain that in old Greece light hair and blue eyes were, to say the least, not uncommon, though they certainly are not Greek characteristics now. As far as I can see, no argument in any direction can be drawn from the colour of the hair; no feature seems so liable to change among whole nations; none seems to be so much a matter of chance in particular families. Whatever may be

the cause, whether from changes in the manner of life or from anything else, it seems that, not in England only but in Europe generally, a tendency has been at work for some centuries, by virtue of which the fair-haired nations, Teutonic, Celtic, or any other, are gradually becoming dark.

I have now done. I have stated my own case; I have done my best to answer such objections as have been made to it. I do not think that we shall surrender a pedigree to which our language, our institutions, and our whole history bear witness, in deference to objections some of which prove nothing, while others are strong arguments the other way. No; we are Englishmen, sprung of the old stock which changed Britain into England, as it has, before and since, planted other Englands elsewhere. We are a colony of the old England, the old Saxony, the old Friesland, the lands which never bowed to the rule of Cæsar, till a Cæsar came among them who was himself of Teutonic blood and speech. We are a colony planted at the most hopeful time for planting colonies, while the parent land was still in a state of healthy barbarism. We brought with us no fixed and elaborate institutions; we were under no temptations consciously to copy the institutions either of our old

land or of any other. But we brought with us the germs of all the institutions, the germ of the whole national life, which were to take root and grow in the new soil in which they were planted. We did not bring with us a finished constitution of King, Lords, and Commons; but we did bring with us those germs alike of the monarchic, of the aristocratic, and the democratic branches of our constitution, which stand out plainly revealed in the earliest pictures of the Teutonic race. Severed from the old stock, planted in a new soil, we grew up a new people, never losing our kindred with those whom we left behind, but still growing into a distinct national personality of our own. We mainly extirpated, to a slight degree we assimilated, the alien Briton; we wholly assimilated the kindred Dane and the really kindred Norman. We have our own history, our own glory. But it is well that we should look to the rock whence we are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged. No people are fonder than ourselves of wandering over every corner of the known world. But it is well to remember in our wanderings, that, while in other lands we are treading the soil of strangers, when we set foot on the shores of Scandinavia and northern Germany we are simply revisiting our ancestral home.

THE AFFIRMATIVE,

By L. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

MADAME LACAMBRA'S school was in —shire. On her fête day she usually assembled as many of her old pupils as were within reach. On these occasions we frequently told stories of our lives and adventures. The following was from the lips of Mrs. Solmes, whose facile temper had gained for her from our school wits the title of "The Affirmative."

"You all know I was only seventeen when I left school. Yes! I declare on the very day; and as I was an orphan I went straight to Lady Markham. You know all about her, of course. She was a relative of my mother's, and a dear old lady, and it was to be my home, excepting when I went to stay with Uncle Jack. I did not like staying with Uncle Jack, for he wore large creaking boots and was always making plans; and, as you know, I could not help agreeing to them all, I was perpetually getting into scrapes with my aunt, who was very precise, and liked to know exactly what everybody was going to do all day long, which was what I never could tell, of course. So I made up my mind to like Lady Markham's house much the best, and to stay there all my life. I remember settling that as I drove down the avenue, and I settled it all again when I went to bed at night. However, it was not to be.

Next day, at luncheon, Lady Markham said to me, 'Mee dear, will ye come for a drive with me?' (She always said 'Mee dear' as if the possessive pronoun was spelt with two e's.)

'Oh,' said I, 'Lady Markham, I should like it so much.'

But, however, I did not, for Harry, my cousin, who was fourteen, and a capital boy, who spent his holidays there, had asked me in the morning to go down to the rabbit-warren with him at three. Harry was gone out to luncheon, and I had promised to wait for him, and the carriage was ordered at the same time; and as I stood in the hall waiting, and wondering whether I was to go with Harry or Lady Markham, I

must have said, 'Oh, dear, what shall I do?' quite loud, for a voice close to me answered, 'Will Mademoiselle come with me to the Brown Beeches?'

I turned so quickly that the same voice immediately added, almost in the same breath:

'*Milles pardons*, Mademoiselle! I mistook her for Mees Ellen Ramsay.'

'Mees Ellen Ramsay' was the clergyman's daughter, and was often about the house; she was only twelve, so I could not help laughing; but I said, almost without knowing why, 'Oh I will come, I should like it of all things.'

The speaker looked puzzled; I think he thought after that that I must be a child after all, not a grown-up young lady of seventeen. But he laughed and bowed, and said he was '*charmé*,' and 'Would I really come?'

'Oh yes,' said I, and off we set.

Well, he was very agreeable. He was a little man, a foreigner of course, very fat, very fair, and very funny. He wore a large ring on his finger, and I think he must have been rather vulgar, for I remember thinking at first that he was just the sort of man who would offer one eighteen-penny calico, or terry velvet a great bargain, across the counter in a country shop. However, as we walked and talked, this impression wore off, and I thought him rather nice.

Now, dear Madame, do not be angry with me! You know I was very young and always very silly, and I really forgot at the moment all that you told me about my proneness to be too friendly with everybody without discrimination, and about not talking to people until they had been properly introduced. But

before we were half-way down the park it had all come into my head, and I stopped quite short and said, 'Oh dear, I've forgotten something!'

'*Mais qu'est que c'est ?*' said he. 'May I have the *félicité* to run back and fetch it for Mademoiselle?'

'Oh no,' said I; 'that's no good. It's you. At least, I mean—oh, dear—'

'*Moi !*' he exclaimed. 'What can Mademoiselle do me the honour to mean? I never had the *bonheur* to see Mademoiselle before!'

'No,' said I; 'that's just it, I forgot all about it. Madame always told me not to talk to people till they were introduced. I don't know who you are. What shall I do?'

I never shall forget how he laughed at this speech. The tears ran down his cheeks, and all the time he was trying to be civil, and to leave off, while I was more ready to cry.

'*Bien,*' said he, at last; 'does Mademoiselle will that we should go back to the house, and begin again with an introduction *en forme*, or shall I present myself here? I am Carl Toolou, and engaged for the moment in renovating some old pictures for Miladi Markham; also to instruct Mees Ellen and others in the divine art of drawing. I go now to the Brown Beech by Miladi's wish to make of them a little *dessein*.'

'Oh, thank you,' said I; 'I daresay that will do. I should think Madame would be satisfied.'

'Then we may proceed,' said he, still looking much amused; and on we went.

Well, my dears, he was very amusing. Do not laugh at me,—for Madame herself was in fits at the indescribably quaint, spirited simplicity with which the merry little woman acted, rather than related, this scene,—“do not laugh. I assure you he was very amusing, and when we arrived at the Beeches he went into the keeper's house to beg for a knife, having lost his own. He had hardly disappeared before Harry came up.

'Oh,' said he, 'Lottie, Lady Markham has been sending everywhere for you; she said you were going to drive with

her, but I thought you were coming with me?'

'Oh,' said I, 'Harry, I forgot you both, but I am ready now.' With that I jumped up, and we set off for the warren together.

That was my introduction to Mons. Carl Toolou. Of course he was surprised to find me gone when he came back, and of course Lady Markham was surprised to meet me with Harry, carrying five rabbits which we had caught, I assure you. However, that has nothing to do with my story. I saw a good deal of Mons. Carl, and he helped to pass the time, for it was very dull when Harry was out; but for all that I don't think Mons. Carl could have been at all a nice person really, for the day before he went away he asked if I would be his wife; and you know, my dears, as he was only a drawing-master, and I was Lady Markham's cousin and very rich, it was not quite the thing to do. However, of course I said, 'Oh yes, I would if he liked—'

Here poor Charlotte was actually brought to a full stop by the renewed roars of laughter which this sentence elicited. Every one felt convinced that it was so exactly what she must have said, that she was so utterly incapable of pronouncing a negative even in the refusal of such a proposal, that it was impossible to preserve one's gravity.

For a quarter of a second a look of vexation passed over her soft features, but speedily resuming her usual expression of unalterable good humour, she continued:

"Well, my dears, what could I do? You know I really had no excuse for saying anything else. He was a good little fellow, and I did not care for anyone else that I was aware of. At all events I did say it, and truly rejoiced was I when dear Lady Markham came waddling into the room almost before I had ceased speaking. Mons. Carl subsided behind his easel immediately, and I saw him no more for some time, as he went away to London quite early next morning.

That day brought company,—Lady

Selling and her son Sir Robert came to pass a fortnight or ten days at Markham Hall. Sir Robert might have been endurable had he not been Sir Robert Selling. That apparently occupied all his thoughts and energies, and he really was nothing else. His mother ruled him completely. They were both tall and stiff, poor and stingy, silent and determined; and their determinations with regard to my unfortunate self became speedily apparent. They intended to marry me. They used to take me solemnly down to the lake every morning after breakfast, place themselves solemnly in the boat with me, and then when Lady Selling had arranged herself comfortably she would solemnly sleep through the whole morning by my side, while Sir Robert sat opposite and solemnly gazed at me.

I really would not have used the word so often did any other adjective describe their peculiarities. This was their ponderous idea of courtship. I found myself growing quite low-spirited, and by Thursday morning felt as if I had been chained to the oar for some years. In vain Harry invited me to ride or fish, in vain Lady Markham bade me drive with her; for, though I always gladly acquiesced in their proposals, Lady Selling and Sir Robert invariably carried me off.

In the afternoon they contrived to monopolize me as well. Unfortunately, too, Sir Robert could read aloud—I really believe it was the only thing he could do—and one wet day he asked me if I did not find the time hang heavy. That was his elegant expression.

‘Well, yes,’ said I, ‘I certainly do.’ For I really could not say anything else.

‘If Miss Benson were alone,’ pronounced Lady Selling, ‘she would doubtless pass the time in reading. Robert, dear boy, suppose you read to us.—What are you reading, my dear?’ she continued, turning to me.

Now, you know I never could read excepting in school hours; and for my life the only book I could think of was Hume’s ‘History of England,’ which we were reading in class when I left.

The name had escaped my lips almost before I was aware of it, and from that moment I had no peace. The dreadful man actually fetched the book, while a stony smile of approbation lighted up his mother’s stern face.

Of course after that it rained every other day, and between the book and the boat my hours were passed in perpetual penance. Well, it came to an end at last. They proposed to me a few days before the one fixed for their departure, and as it was rather a prolonged affair I had better give it in detail.

As usual, Lady Selling began. She always had to start him in all his undertakings, great and small.

‘My dear,’ said she, as we three sat solemnly in the little drawing-room after breakfast—the Hume torture, as I imagined, on the point of beginning,—‘My dear, my son Robert has something of importance to say to you. From the encouragement you have given him, I cannot doubt your reply. May the blessing of Heaven rest on you both.’ And rising, she extended her bony hands in the air towards us and Hume, and vanished.

I believe I thought it rather striking, and was vexed with myself for a strong inclination to laugh.

She rather spoiled the effect of her exit by putting her long nose in at the door again, and saying:

‘Don’t let the fire out, dear boy.’

That did me good, and I felt equal to glancing at Sir Robert, who, with Hume in his hand, was walking ponderously up and down. His face was as stolid and unmoved as usual. I felt that he was conning over a speech prepared probably by his mother, and in the inmost recesses of my own heart I was feebly striving in my turn to prepare the negative which I all the time knew I should not have courage to pronounce. For one bright moment I wondered how it would feel if I could say it. But I felt all the impossibility.

Meantime, placing himself in the peculiar attitude which I have seen many and many a man assume when

about to give utterance to a prepared speech at a public meeting, with one hand slightly leaning upon the table, and the other half-concealed in his coat, while his left boot sought support from the right, he commenced in a parrot-like, monotonous tone, reciting his lesson.

'Miss Benson,' said he, 'my mother has so far prepared the way that I feel that but few words will be necessary. The intimacy of the last few days has touched my heart with a profound sense of your many rare qualities. I feel that you are well calculated to grace a high station,—a station, in point of fact, far higher than that I can offer you. Yet the Sellings are an old family, Miss Benson,' and here his voice changed, and he spoke more naturally—'they came over with the Conqueror, and the castle is uncommonly old. It's out of repair, to be sure, but——'

A faint, faint sound, as of a low cough, caused me to look towards the *portière* which hung over the doorway leading to the large drawing-room, and I could not be mistaken in the bronze nose which was just visible in the folds. Sir Robert saw it too, and by his slight start, and the conscious way in which his eyes sought my face, I perceived that for once he had failed to follow out the line his mother had laid down for him. He had actually digressed, substituting a few sentences of his own for those she had intended him to pronounce.

There was an awkward pause. Lady Selling visibly quivered behind the curtain. I painfully hoped I should not laugh. In this emergency, Sir Robert's eyes fell on Hume, and he actually had an idea,—the first and last of his life, in all probability.

He extended the book to me. 'This book,' said he, with awful solemnity, 'had a good deal to do with it. We've been very happy with Hume, and all I ask is this. You like Hume; you chose it. As you liked and chose Hume, so I want you to like and choose me.'

I declare to you, my dears, there was

a very faint sound of applause from the curtain, and I suspect that, however garbled, some part of the speech might have been found in the original copy, by Lady Selling, Widow.

Mother and son were positively inspired, and he approached to take my hand, reiterating the striking sentiment, 'As you liked and chose Hume, so I want you to like and choose me.'

'Oh yes,' said I; 'yes, of course, only I am afraid I hated Hume. Yes, I do hate and detest him.'

For my life I could not have helped it, my dears. I had said it, 'Yes' and all, before I knew what I was about. Poor Sir Robert! And poor Hume! For one of them let the other fall flat upon the floor, and the other stood aghast. Before he had time to rally, the *portière* was drawn aside, and Lady Selling and her bronze nose stalked majestically in, and took possession of me. Yes, that is the only word that expresses it. Her grim bony hand grasped my shoulder, and held me with an indescribable sense of possession. From that moment I felt that it was all over with me. The extraordinary good luck which had enabled me to refuse my disagreeable suitor with an affirmative was nullified. I felt that I was Lady Selling, and I grew positively rigid with horror.

'Robert,' said her ladyship authoritatively, 'Robert, dear boy;' and her stony eye being turned doorwards, 'Robert, dear boy,' followed it, and went out, carrying Hume with him. Hume had furnished him with an idea, and he clung to it.

'Miss Benson,' said her ladyship solemnly, releasing me as she spoke, but pushing me into a chair, and fixing me with her stern eye, 'Miss Benson, I am surprised at your conduct. After the encouragement you have undoubtedly given my son, the least we had a right to expect of you was that you should receive his proposals with civility. Do you know what you have done? Do you know you have refused the greatest blessing woman can have?'

'Poor woman!' thought I, but I

faintly murmured 'Yes,' for she looked for an answer, and I could think of nothing else to say. She caught at the word, and the expression of her countenance changed as she continued in a somewhat milder tone :

'Perhaps, Miss Benson, we may have been hasty. We may have mistaken your meaning. In fact, on consideration, I cannot but think this must be the case. Is it not so?'

Again she paused, and again the fatal 'Oh yes' crept to my lips.

'Let us then at once remedy this most unfortunate mistake,' said she, rising. 'I have not now to learn,' she added, with an iron smile, and an attempt at graciousness which ill-suited her, 'I have not now to learn that on these occasions young ladies are apt, from very nervousness, to say what they do not mean. I myself have experienced the sensation. But fear not. I will seek my son, and all shall be set right.' She left the room as she spoke, and I, feeling that my only chance of escape from a lifelong slavery to these grim warriors, mother and son, lay in instant flight, lost no time in creeping through another door, and speeding towards my own room. My one thought was an intense desire to find myself in my bonnet and shawl. That, I felt, would be the first step towards further flight.

Alas ! not so easily was I destined to escape. My room was far off, and as I scampered down one of the long passages, I fell again into the arms of Lady Selling herself. In that moment she had descried her 'Robert, dear boy,' riding across the park, and was returning to tell me that the explanation must be deferred. For the moment I thought it a reprieve, but before the day was out I felt that it would have been better to have had it over. My dears, that woman never left me, and she never ceased talking of her son. I heard all about him, from the day of his birth to the very hour of his unfortunate arrival at Markham Hall. I believe that in that one day she did all the talking which should have served her for a lifetime.

Oh, how I hoped that he would return from his ride engaged to some one else. I had heard of hearts caught on the rebound. Would that it might be so in this case !

My situation was a curious one, for though undoubtedly engaged to the Sellings, I could not with any truth have asserted that I was the affianced of Sir Robert. Well, the stern woman did not release me until the dressing-bell had rung, and I was safe in the hands of my maid. Then, as Sir Robert was heard ascending the stairs, she left me.

What passed between him and his mother I know not. I only imagined that it must be all arranged to her satisfaction, because she stopped me for one moment on the stairs, and solemnly blessed me. Lady Markham being just before us, nothing more was possible at the time. That was enough, however, to make me very uncomfortable all dinner-time, although Sir Robert came in late and took no notice of me whatever.

Sometimes I felt inclined to hope that he had made the acquaintance of a larger heiress in his ride, and that the private blessing on the stairs was intended to console me for my loss. But all the time I knew this was too good to be true, and I passed that dinner-hour in a state of miserable uncertainty as to whether I was engaged to Sir Robert Selling or not.

The doubt lasted till Lady Markham had been talked into her usual after-dinner sleep in the drawing-room, and then it ceased. For Lady Selling looked at me with what was meant for a smile, beckoning me through the fatal *portière*, when I perceived Sir Robert waiting for me in the little drawing-room. She led me up to him, and placing my hand in his, cast her eyes to the middle compartment of the ceiling, and with an iron groan, expressive of intense satisfaction, once more left us.

He instantly dropped my hand. I was glad of it, for I wanted to alter my position so as to command the *portière*,

feeling instinctively that I might have some hope with Sir Robert alone. Alas ! the bronze nose was plainly visible. The chandelier cast a bright light upon its whole length. I gave myself up for lost, and turned resignedly to Sir Robert. Apparently his mother had told him to say as little as possible, and had left him to select his own phraseology, as less dangerous on the whole ; for he cleared his throat twice before he began, and then only said :

'It seems I was mistaken this morning, Miss Benson. I'm very glad, I'm sure.'

He paused, waiting for an idea. His dull small eye sought Hume on the table. It was gone. The source of eloquence was withdrawn. I had the courage to hold my tongue. In vain ! The *portière* quivered.

'And I'm very glad, I'm sure,' repeated poor Sir Robert, hastily ; his eye seeking, not mine, but the *portière*. 'I suppose it's all right now, isn't it ?'

This plainly demanded an answer, and I, also looking fixedly at the bronze nose on which the light gleamed yet more brilliantly, faintly murmured, 'Yes ; oh yes !'

The dull eye really gleamed for one moment, as with an air of intense relief and satisfaction, which plainly said, 'That's a good thing over,' he pulled two arm-chairs before the fire, and motioning me into one, placed himself in the other, and relapsed into the silence which was natural to him.

How long we sat thus I know not. To me it seemed centuries ; and when next I had the opportunity of looking in the glass, I fully expected to see grey hairs and wrinkles. Nothing came to break the horrible silence of that hour, save the falling of the cinders from the grate, the ticking of the clock, and an occasional groan from one or other of the old ladies in the next room. 'If this is being engaged,' thought I, 'what must it be to be married !' for you know at school we had always thought the engagement must be the best fun of the two.

At length he spoke. He put his

hand on the arm of my chair, and still looking fixedly at the fire ejaculated, 'This is very jolly ; isn't it ?'

'Yes,' said I, in faintest accents ; 'oh yes.'

'It's a great comfort when one knows people well enough not to be obliged to talk,' he continued, 'isn't it ?'

Again I assented, from really having nothing else to say ; and he relapsed into silence.

Evidently that was a day of inspiration for Sir Robert, however, for soon he spoke again.

'Shall we play at backgammon ?' said he, with a suddenness which almost took my breath away.

Of course I agreed, and he rose to fetch the board.

Hardly was it placed, however, before the *portière* was pulled aside, and Lady Selling marched into the room. Apparently she felt that it was time to embrace me as a daughter-in-law elect, although what gave her the horrid inspiration at that precise moment I know not.

Certain it is that Sir Robert led me forward as she advanced, and with a groan which caused the very chandelier to vibrate, and a gesture which knocked over the backgammon-board, she received me into her voluminous shawl.

'This is as it should be, my children,' said she—a sentiment which found no echo in my breast, especially as at that moment one of my ear-rings catching in her lace, I was detained a close prisoner, my ear pinioned to her shoulder, and it was not without difficulty that I was extricated. Nor was this all. Holding my hand, she drew me into the next room, and led me up to the arm-chair in which reposed my kind friend Lady Markham. She placed me side by side with her son before that chair, and in set terms she announced our engagement.

Now Lady Markham had a little way of her own of sleeping with her eyes more than half open ; and as she was very old, very wrinkled, and very fat, it required an intimate acquaintance with her to ascertain whether she was

in the land of dreams or of reality. At this moment even I felt in doubt on the subject, but mother and son felt none. One continued to pronounce her solemn sentences, and the other to enforce them with stiff bows, which nearly convulsed me with laughter; while dear Lady Markham nodded emphatically at one or the other, and more than once opened one eye. The sudden cessation of Lady Selling's voice appeared really to rouse her for one moment, and she looked up with a puzzled expression which convinced me that until that moment she had slept. Seeing us all standing up before her, she became aware that something was expected of her, and collecting all her energies she nodded twice at Lady Selling, saying:

'Told ye so, mee dear; told ye so! Sad stuff! sad stuff!' then tapping me on the cheek with her fan, she caught sight of Sir Robert still bowing before her; and, making a great effort to shake hands with him, muttered a sleepy hope that he had enjoyed himself, and sunk back into undoubted sleep: nay, snoring under our very eyes.

The bronze colour on Lady Selling's face deepened considerably, and Sir Robert looked at his mother. She was, however, far too much a woman of the world to give vent to her anger, and turning to me she said:

'Having received the sanction and blessing of her who stands in the place of a mother to you, my child, I think you would do well to withdraw.'

What passed after my departure I do not know; but the first thing I heard the next morning was that my dear old guardian had had a fit. She was subject to fits of a distressing, but not of a dangerous nature, and I do not wish you to infer that this one was caused by anything the Sellings had said or done. I imagine that it was coming on when I left the room. I was accustomed to hear of these attacks, and was on this occasion chiefly affected by the immediate consequence, which was the departure of the Sellings. Words cannot describe my delight on hearing that Lady Selling thought it right to tele-

graph for Lady Markham's sister, and to take away her 'Robert, dear boy,' by the first convenient train. That train, alas! did not allow of their leaving the house until one o'clock, and I had to endure two interviews before that hour; one short one with Lady Selling, and a mortal two hours with her son.

Lady Selling blessed me three times more: once on wishing me good-morning, once at the commencement, once at the close of our interview. I think she considered each blessing another link to the chain which bound me to her son. She told me that in the present state of my dear guardian's health she felt it a duty to withdraw from Markham Hall; but that as our engagement had received Lady Markham's sanction, there could be no reason for concealing it. She intended to write to all her friends, and hoped that I would do the same. She gave me a letter which she desired me to present to Lady Markham as soon as she should be able to attend to it, which she trusted would be the case in a few days. She concluded by hoping that I would not fail to reply to the letters which 'Robert, dear boy,' would as a matter of course address to me.

For once in my life I did not give the required assent. I was far too frightened to speak. I felt that the meshes were being drawn tighter around me, and that every moment rendered my escape more hopeless. Yet even then I could not summon courage to pronounce the negative which my heart prompted, and which almost rose to my lips. My silence availed me nothing. She took my assent for granted, and left me to Sir Robert; warning us that we had *only* two hours to pass together, and grimly advising us to make the most of it and to be as happy as possible, and adding as she left the room:

'Under existing circumstances, dear boy, no subject can be so interesting to our dear Charlotte as the annals of the family of which she is about to become a member.'

Well did she know the 'dear boy' with whom she had to deal! It was the

only subject on which he could talk, and for those two mortal hours he kept me listening to the genealogy of the family of Selling! He began at the Selling who came over with William the Conqueror, and he only stopped at his own great-grandfather because the carriage was announced. I had to listen to the names of their wives and children, to their many sins and few virtues; and when the charming butler interrupted us, Sir Robert apologized for leaving his tale incomplete, and promised to send me the rest in his first letter! Oh the ecstasy of seeing them drive off! of knowing that for three or four days, until Lady Markham could read her letter, I might dismiss them entirely from my mind! For me there need be no Sellings in the world, for that time at least, and I seized the astonished Harry by both hands, and positively danced all round the hall with glee.

Alas! my joy was short-lived. I was stopped in my career by the very butler who, ten minutes before, had appeared to me as an angel of light, and who now assumed to my mind the form of the blackest of demons, as he handed me a note from M. Carl Toolou. That audacious little foreigner informed me that he had been on his way to call on Lady Markham to make mention to her of the engagement which the most charming of mesdemoiselles had been graciously pleased to enter upon with his unworthy self. Hearing, however, at the lodge of the sudden illness of that most venerable and excellent miladi, he did not at the present moment venture to intrude; but he trusted to mademoiselle's kindness to walk herself towards the Brown Beeches that after luncheon towards the three o'clock.

The groan which I uttered on reading this tissue of impertinence would have been worthy of Lady Selling herself. Harry was busy making his dog stand upright, or he must have noticed it. But oh, to the end of my days I shall bless that boy; for at the precise moment, I may say the crisis of my fate, he exclaimed

'I say, Lottie, now those people are

gone I suppose you really can ride. May I order the horses at half-past two?'

'Yes. Oh, a thousand times yes!'

I exclaimed; and at half-past two we started.

'Shall we go to the common?' said I, for once hazarding a suggestion, for I knew that this must take us far from the Brown Beeches. Imagine my horror when he replied:

'Not to-day, Lottie, please. Keeper has a dog to show me, and I want to call at his house.'

Keeper! His house was at the very spot I dreaded. There was no remedy, and we cantered off: my one hope being that we should arrive too early.

No such luck. I at once perceived the dreaded figure among the trees, and I entreated Harry not to leave me alone on my horse, in a voice of agony, which only served to amuse him. He went into the house, and Monsieur Carl advanced.

'*Hélas!*' said he; 'I am *désolé*. I see that Mademoiselle has not been able to escape from the *cher cousin*.'

I felt myself colouring crimson. His sharp eyes were fixed on my face, his hand was on my horse's neck. He went on—

'*Cependant* Mademoiselle can tell me that her heart is unchanged?' And he smote his horrid old coat as he spoke.

He waited for his answer, and that most provoking 'Yes' rose once more to my lips. But Harry was seen approaching, and Monsieur Carl continued hurriedly—

'The *cher cousin* returns to his *école* next week, does he not? Thursday, if I mistake me not?'

'Yes,' said I once more.

'And *après*,' he went on, speaking very quickly and coming very near, '*après*, Mademoiselle shall be free as air—to come—to go—*n'est-ce pas?* and then she shall see once more her poor *dévoué* Carl.'

And my poor *dévoué* Carl stepped back to lift his hat to Harry, who shook hands with him with all the rough cordiality of an English schoolboy, sup-

posed he was come down again to worry his old pupils, and, vaulting into his saddle, with a 'Come on, Lottie,' and a cheerful nod to the little drawing-master, extricated me from my most embarrassing position with an unconscious ease which caused me to bless him fervently to myself for the second time that day, as I blushing returned Mons. Carl's profound bow and cantered down the park. And now, my dears, I must tell you that that two hours' ride was the only time of real peace which I passed between my leaving school and my marriage. For two hours I threw off all thought of my annoyances and engagements, and gave myself up to the pleasure of the moment.

I had hardly entered the house before the cloud returned. I saw a gentleman's hat on the hall-table. I knew that Lady Markham's sister, Miss Max, must have arrived by this time. I knew her to be an old maid without so much as a nephew to assist her through the journeys and railroads of life, and the sight of that hat struck a chill of fear to my heart. It was not a servant's hat. There could be no doubt about it. It was of finest quality, sleek and glossy, with the name of a Bond Street tradesman and an unexceptionable glove inside—for I peeped. I flew to my room, where I passed the time in agonies of perplexity as I thought of the past, and of fearful anticipation as the future, in the shape of the dinner-hour, approached.

The last bell rang. It was necessary to go down. In the drawing-room I found Miss Max, a parrot, and—alas! too truly—a young man. Miss Max was exactly like a squashed toad with a large oval face. The parrot kept saying absurd things, and then looking the other way and pretending it had not said them. The young man was talking with extraordinary rapidity, and he hardly stopped to be introduced to me. He was giving Miss Max a detailed and most minute description of his good management during the journey they had that day accomplished together, which struck me as rather unnecessary.

He talked on all dinner-time, and was still talking, principally of himself, when we left the room. In the ten minutes which elapsed before he rejoined us, Miss Max explained to me most graphically the relations which existed between herself, the parrot, and her young man, whose name I may as well here mention was James Kennet.

She informed me that she had been living in a state of original sin until the 23d of August, 18—, at ten minutes past four precisely. At that hour a dear friend had taken her, rather against her will, to listen to the sweet counsel which was expected to fall from the lips of a reformed drunkard. Unfortunately the drunkard was out. His wife believed that he had gone to speak a word in season at the gin-shop round the corner. She went to fetch him, and the friends waited. In the pause which ensued, Miss Max distinctly heard a strange and scarcely human voice exclaim, three times in rapid succession—

'Oh fie! oh fie! oh fie!'

She was immediately struck with a sense of inbred sin, nor was the impression lessened by the discovery that the voice emanated from a parrot in a corner of the room. She went home smitten to the heart, and being a woman of decision, she at once formed two resolutions. First, To purchase that dear parrot, that her present feelings might be strengthened and sustained, and that by carrying it about with her she might afford to others the same chance of conversion. Secondly, To adopt an orphan, and bring him up to profit by the unusual advantages which the parrot afforded. She had lost no time in carrying out both her resolutions. The parrot was purchased, though at a sacrifice—for strangely enough, on hearing her tale, the poor drunkard confessed that to him too had this wonderful bird rendered the same service, and that he should not feel justified in parting with it unless he had in its stead something which would enable him to do good to his fellow-sinners. Miss Max had hardly liked to offer money to so exalted a character, but the

matter had been arranged by a friend, and the parrot was hers. With regard to James Kennet, he was the son of a dear friend, but 'he answered quite as well as an orphan,' said Miss Max; 'the son of a great friend who had known many sorrows—indeed, she might say a dear one who had waded through many seas of affliction, and had come out, oh! such a sweet character. She had had many sorrows and many sons, and all of them, excepting James, had been very unfortunate, poor dears, in not always doing what they ought. The father, too, had been a great trial.' However, Miss Max had adopted Jameskennet (she always said the name as one word), and he had been a great comfort to them all. He was a good young man, and had a decided call to the ministry.

Here she left me to see about her dear, angelic sister Markham.

'Oh you wicked, wicked woman!' said I to myself as she closed the door. 'When you actually might go about quite harmless, with neither son, nephew, or cousin to torment poor young heiresses, and make them ready to cry with being proposed to and saying "Yes," whether they like it or not—when you might even be somebody to help one say "No,"—you must needs go out of your way to adopt a person and put an end to one's peace.'

You will see by this, my dears, how terribly conscious I had become of my own attractions as an heiress—but you know I had heard enough about it all my life, both at Markham Hall and at Uncle Jack's. It did me no harm, for I was sharp enough to see that it was for no merits of my own that I was sought.

James Kennet hardly left me five minutes to myself and my anger. He came in alone, for Harry was gone out. He came in talking, and he talked on until ten o'clock, when Miss Max came down to say that she was not coming down at all that evening, and that we had better all go to bed. In that interval he had given me his whole history, and that of his family, every

member of which appeared to have disgraced himself more or less; while ingratitude and backwardness to acknowledge the infinite superiority of their James characterized them all to a very great degree; but more especially, perhaps, his mother, who, though an excellent woman, never could be prevailed on to look up to him as a guide and teacher. My head ached with his rattle, and I even gave a sigh of almost regret as I thought of Sir Robert's far more dignified though wearisome tale of his ancestry. One thing I rejoiced to hear: Miss Max could not stay one moment longer than Monday morning. This was Thursday, and I could not but feel hopeful. There was nothing in James Kennet's manner to show that he wished to make himself agreeable to me. On the contrary, he required a great deal of attention; though he certainly paid it to himself very nicely. I did not think he could propose in the time. Still it was well to be prepared, and when I was in bed that night, and dear old Molly Mowbray (for Lady Markham had a real Molly) was arranging my room, the bright idea struck me of asking her advice on the subject.

'Molly, dear,' said I, going to the point at once, 'how did you help marrying?'

'How did I help it, my dear?' said she, rather puzzled at the form of speech I had chosen.

'Well, I mean how did you manage not to marry in all these years? Somebody must have asked you that you wanted to say "No" to. How did you manage it?'

'By the help of the Lord, and my own good sense, my dear,' said old Molly sententially. 'I had my chances as well as others, but thank the Lord I got out of 'em all.'

'Well, but *how*?' I persisted. 'Come and sit near me, and tell me all about it.'

'My dear,' said Molly, seating herself by my bedside, 'the way it happened was this. My father was a bad man, and my mother, poor dear, had a sad life of it; so when I shut the door

after those that carried him off to his grave, I said to myself, "You're the last of that sort I'll have to do with," and I kept my word. When my mother sobbed and cried, poor dear, I told her not to fret; for, to my mind, when they'd put him under ground, they'd put a deal of trouble in a very little hole. She wouldn't listen to me, so she followed him before a month was gone by. This made me more resolved than ever. I wasn't going dying for any man, and it's "No" to the end of the chapter.'

'But, Molly,' said I, 'suppose something seems to rise up to your lips, and make you say "Yes" when in your heart you are saying "No" quite loud all the time.'

'I can't suppose any such nonsense, my dear. If you want to say "No," there's nothing more than the saying of it. It's a different job when the heart's saying "Yes" as plain as it can, and, for all that, you're resolved it shall be "No." But there's a way of getting out of that too, my dear.'

'What way, Molly?' asked I, anxious to glean every information. 'Did that ever happen to you?'

'Ay, my dear, that it did, and not so very long after my poor mother's death. I was in service, and there came an uncommonly nice young man. He had something to do with one of those Homœopathic Churches—was it Puseyite or Homœopathic, I mean? I never can remember, my dear. One is the sugar-plum medicines, and the other is the dressed-up churches, and I'm not clear which is which.'

Being set right on that point, she went on. 'Well, my dear, he was the most civil spoken young man I ever met with, and he was very particular in his attentions, and my heart failed me when I thought of sending him off. Indeed I knew I never could do it, so I hit on a plan which I never heard mention of before, but a rare good one it is. I just looked beyond him, my dear.'

'Looked beyond him, Molly?' exclaimed I. 'What can you mean?'

'Why, my dear, take, say an inch and a half above their heads when

they're talking. Fix your eye there, and there's not one in ten can stand it for more than half an hour. It is a little strain to the eyes, to be sure, but—bless you, it's every bit worth it. You just seem as if you didn't know they was there. Poor Jem! He was gone in no time, and I went upstairs and cried like to break my heart. And I might have had him if I had had the looking on of the next few years, for he married Sally Smith, and made a good husband after all.'

This was a brilliant idea, and a novel. I made a mental note to try the experiment at the very first opportunity. But it was well to gain all I could from the wealth of resource which Molly's experience afforded.

'Are there any other ways?' I asked, with an increasing feeling of safety.

'Well, my dear, yes. There was another young man, to be sure, who took more trouble than poor Jem. But it wasn't so hard either, for my heart was all against him,' replied Molly, who was never so happy as in relating the past events of her life. 'I looked beyond him for twenty minutes by the kitchen clock, and he went away laughing, and saying he'd be even with me yet. Next day he came again. I was alone in the kitchen trimming my Sunday bonnet.'

'Well, Molly,' said he, "how are you to-night?'

'I made no answer, and never so much as looked up.'

'You wasn't over kind to me last night,' said he, and waited.

'Dear me!' said I, as sudden as I could. 'I haven't got the fashion right yet. I know Miss Palmer had the bows all to the left on Sunday.'

'Miss Palmer was the great lady of our village, and us girls all dressed as like her as we could.'

'Dear, dear!' said I, "all this must come out." I took to undoing my work.

'Molly,' said he, and I knew by his voice he was vexed, "why won't you listen to me?'

'There!' said I, paying no more attention to him than a post, "that'll

do." And I got up to put the bonnet on before the glass, and I turned it this way and that, and talked on out loud about the trimming and the setting of it, till I saw him stamp his feet with rage.

"Molly," said he, ready to cry with vexation, "it's very hard you can't give a fellow an answer."

"Now if ever I longed to take notice it was then, my dear; for I had given him his answer days back, and it was a "No" as loud as the church bells, and clearer, so to speak. But I held my tongue on that, and talked on of my bonnet, till at last he got up, and with one whisk he tore it off my head, and flung it on the kitchen floor, and stamped upon it.

"Dear me!" said I, as cool as could be, looking round about two inches past him; "how uncommonly high the wind is to-night, to be sure." And I went back to my chair and took up some sewing, and began to hum a tune. He was gone before I had time to think of it, my dear, and I never saw him more, but I heard that he did marry, and his wife died of a broken heart, as they most times do in this world."

This was less hopeful for me. I saw no means of availing myself of this course of proceeding, and I anxiously asked, 'Are there no other ways, Molly? I wish you could remember any particular answer you made.'

'Well, my dear, most times a sharp answer is best.'

'Ah, but the words, Molly,' I persisted. 'Tell me exactly what you said.'

'Well, my dear, Mr. White of the mill, when he came about courting me, he was very low, and I remember of his telling me one day that he felt he should go wrong in the head if I would not have him. "Lor," said I, "if you've any inclination that way, you'd better do it alone, for I don't want to be mixed up in it." He didn't call for some days after that, but next time he spoke very serious. "Molly," said he, "there's a merriness and cheeriness about you as would just suit me." "But it suits me so well myself, Mr. White," said I, "that

I don't look to part with it.' And after that, my dear, he never came again.'

And Molly left me to ponder on the possibility of meeting James Kennet's proposal, if it came, with a like reply. If he would but put it in the form required! If he would but say, 'Miss Benson, there are some thousands about you that would just suit me!' it would be so easy to make my curtsy and say, 'Thank you, sir, they suit me too, and I wish to keep them.'

Next morning I felt rather ashamed of myself. I began to think that I had been very foolish. Probably James Kennet did not even know that I was an heiress. And if he did? Surely every man was not in want of money—and he so good, so exalted a character!

After breakfast I experienced a slight return of nervousness, however, for I found that he intended to devote himself to me during the whole of his stay at Markham. He told me so very plainly. He strove, he said, never to throw away opportunities, and he felt that he might be of service to me. He hoped that I would open my mind to him, as if I experienced any religious difficulties he should be glad to remove them. He had been in Holy Orders three months, and in that time—nay, before—had been instrumental in assisting many a wretched sinner through the perils with which we are surrounded. All this he said as fast as it was possible to speak, while he stood with the door in his hand on our leaving the breakfast-room. I own that I escaped at once to my own room, and carefully locking myself in, went through a rehearsal of Molly's suggestions, proposing to myself in a riding-hat and Harry's boating jacket to give reality to the scene; and rapidly dropping both as I boldly pronounced the negative, which in solitude I found it possible to utter, with my eyes fixed on the glass an inch above my own head. But, after all, I returned to the drawing-room with a wretched sense of weakness.

Unfortunately, it was a wet day; and as Harry was out and Miss Max devoted herself to Lady Markham, I was doomed

to the society of James Kennet and the parrot, excepting at the times when, by Miss Max's express desire, the latter was taken down to the servants' hall that they might benefit by the words which fell from its beak. Those words I must remark, *en passant*, were a strange medley of scraps of texts and the remnants of what it had learned with its master, the reformed drunkard—probably before that person was reformed.

Those two days were indeed days of dreariness to me. Even had I time, I could not bring myself to repeat the tenor of James Kennet's conversation. It bore the stamp of the party to which he belonged, and it was a severe tax on taste, patience, and temper to listen to him.

Sunday was marked by three events. First: In the morning James Kennet preached in our parish church, and he preached principally of his father and mother and brothers; at least his sermon was about ungrateful wretches, unprincipled reprobates and hard-hearted sinners: and after the insight he had afforded me into his family history, I could not but divine the source from whence his eloquence was derived. Secondly: In the afternoon, the rain continuing with a steady down-pour, James Kennet read aloud to us from three to half-past five, and the book was, 'Ten Sermons on the Evils that are in the World, and on various other Topics,' by Rev. J. Joachim Zollikoffer. Thirdly: In the evening James Kennet proposed to me. I had been completely thrown off my guard by the peculiar tone of his conversation. Though thinking him an intense bore, I had really believed in his wish to 'convert' me—an expression frequently in his mouth—and when a long, and to me most bewildering speech, suddenly culminated in the suggestion that my money and his excellence united would do more good to the benighted heathen in England than any other possible combination, I really was so startled that I had uttered the fatal assent before the recollection of my intention of adopting Molly's plan of 'looking beyond' flashed

upon my memory. After that it was of course useless—nay, worse; for, after I had painfully endeavoured to keep my eyes fixed, as nearly as I could judge, an inch and a half above his head for the space of five or ten minutes, while he talked on in the same strain, I felt myself completely checkmated by his remark that he was glad to see in me on this, the most momentous occasion of my life, that elevation of soul and spirit which was most befitting one destined to be the wife of a man who, though himself a vile sinner, was resolved to cast aside all worldly things and devote himself to the great work of—. But I will not finish his speech. You can all imagine it. Had he known how many of these momentous occasions I had experienced that week, he would not perhaps have uttered it.

I should think that the sentence in which he presented me to Miss Max and the parrot as his intended, must have been the longest ever composed by man or—beast, I was about to say; but, of course, you know that I mean woman. She received me with joy; but my heart echoed the 'Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie!' to which the far more congenial parrot gave utterance at the moment. Miss Max excused herself for taking away her—now my—James Kennet at such a moment; but he, and, I suppose, the parrot, were looked for at a missionary meeting in Scotland the very next day, and 'she well knew that neither James Kennet nor his sweet little friend' (meaning me) 'would for a moment dream of setting aside a duty.' Et-cetera, et-cetera, will do for the rest of that sentence too, my dears.

I saw Miss Max and her two adopteds drive off with hardly the slightest feeling of relief, and I crept up to my room to survey with horror my position.

At that moment, being Monday, June 23d, at ten o'clock, I, having left school rather more than three weeks, was engaged to no less than three men, not one of whom had I ever seen or heard of before I left the happy security of your roof, dear Madame. Miss Max had

undertaken to return my James Kennet to me by one o'clock on Thursday. On that very day Mons. Carl Toolou had promised that I should see him again ; and I doubted not that he would be as good as his word, while I could not but be conscious that even now letters were speeding all over the country announcing my engagement to Sir Robert Selling ; nay, worse, such letters must already have been read at many a breakfast-table ; and in a few hours these fatal documents might at any house encounter others as fatal, containing the news that I had pledged my faith to James Kennet. Sooner or later it must all be known ; and oh, which of them all would find me first and marry me ! I trembled to think that Mons. Carl was probably lingering in the neighbourhood, and that he might at any moment appear and carry me off. I trembled still more as I gazed at the letter I held in my hand, and which I had not yet opened, but which I knew too well must be from Sir Robert, from the great armorial seal of the Sellings figured on the outside. Nor was I in any degree calmed as I thought of that other letter, which I still retained—the one from Lady Selling to Lady Markham. I could conscientiously say that the latter had never been well enough to receive it, yet the possession of it was a terror to me, no less than the idea of what must be the result of delivering it ; and that, I knew, must soon be done. Altogether, I was more thoroughly unhappy than I could well endure, and I longed even for the German verbs, and all the other troubles of my dear school days. At length I turned to Sir Robert's letter. It was, more correctly speaking, a packet ; but it did contain two letters, although the chief portion of the huge envelope was taken up by a most beautifully emblazoned miniature pedigree of the Sellings. As a work of art it was a treasure ; as a lover's first gift it was a curiosity. His letter was lengthy, consisting almost entirely of notes and observations on the enclosure. A few sentences at the end, evidently furnished by his mother, informed me that 'he

was anxiously expecting to hear of Lady Markham's perfect restoration to health, the more so as he could not but hope that the news would be followed by an invitation to return to the Hall. Business, however, would take him into our neighbourhood during the ensuing week, when he hoped that, even should Lady Markham continue too ill to receive him, a few hours of the society of his dearest Charlotte would not be denied him. On Thursday at latest he hoped to see me. It might be even earlier in the week.'

A cast-iron note from Lady Selling completed the packet. She began, 'My dear Girl' in very large letters ; she hoped I had faithfully delivered her letter to her dear friend ere this ; promised to be a mother to me ; advised me to purchase 'A Great-grandmother's Letters to Young Wives,' and to include a very large assortment of boots in my trousseau, as boots were all the better for keeping two or three years—fourteen pairs would not be too many ; and concluded by desiring me not to lose a post in replying to Sir Robert's letter, as they were about to leave their present address ; signing herself in letters of gigantic size, 'ONE who is ready to welcome you into the bosom of her family,' as if she feared I might take her-name to be legion.

You will hardly credit that I was foolish enough to believe that her commands must be obeyed. The possibility of neglecting them never for a moment occurred to me, and I sat down to my writing-table with a heavy heart. How many hours I spent over that, the first and only love-letter I ever indited, I should be at a loss to tell you. It was pain and grief to me ; and the trouble it cost me has impressed every line—nay, almost every word—on my memory. It was as follows :—

'DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I hope you are quite well. Thank you for your letter, and your mother's letter, and the pedigree.'

So far so good. That was the conventional beginning ; though I own I had to fetch the dictionary to find out the number of *e's* due to 'pedigree,' also

whether it required two *d*'s or *g*'s, or only one of each. Then came a full stop. In vain I sought inspiration in a review of all that had passed during his fatal visit, in vain I sent my memory further back over the whole course of my school-life. I was as guiltless of ideas as Sir Robert himself. I was even at the trouble of fetching Hume from the library, and of glancing over a few of the pages he had read to me, hoping that some association would suggest the matter of at least one sentence for the rapidly-drying ink in my pen. In vain I read and re-read both letters, until at length I discovered in the envelope a few words in Lady Selling's handwriting which had hitherto escaped my observation.

'My dear Charlotte will not fail to tell me all that is going on at the Hall, and who is staying in the house.'

'All that is going on.' I lifted my eyes to the open window, and I saw Harry and the keepers actively engaged in buck-catching. Happy thought! Beautiful coincidence! Without a moment's delay, I wrote: 'They are catching bucks in the park. Harry is riding Grey Bob, Keeper Toby, and young Jack Peggy. It seems a pretty sight.' Then, remembering Sir Robert's predilection for old families, I added triumphantly, 'Keeper has lived forty years in the family. He says he can remember four Lord Markhams, but Molly Mowbray says she is sure he cannot. Young Jack will be forty-three next birthday. He is his son.'

This, written very large and 'sprawley,' to use a school word, covered three sides of the paper, and I had only to add, 'Nobody is here, and Lady Markham keeps the same,' to find myself at the end of my task. The consideration as to the proper mode of signing myself indeed remained. It occupied me some time, for I had to consult many works of fiction before I could decide; amongst others, 'Camille,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'The Castle of Otranto.' No more modern novels were to be found in that house. After some hesitation between no other signature than the initials, following an abrupt conclusion,

and the long winding up of 'grateful humble servant,' which seemed the only choice afforded me, I satisfied myself with the following: 'With respectful humble duty to your mother, I am, Sir, yours, C. B.'

I had hardly finished, and was still gazing at my work and my inky fingers, for you all remember the results of my letter-writing days at school, when Molly came into my room. Like a dear old Molly as she was, she began to scold me for my untidiness, saying:

'You won't be fit to be seen by the company to-night, my dear.'

'Company!' I exclaimed, in sudden alarm. 'Who is coming?'

'Have they never told you, my dear? Why, Mrs. Fawkes, to be sure. Miss Mary as was.'

I clapped my hands with delight. Mary Fawkes was Lady Markham's only child. She had married young, but I had seen much of her, and she had always been kind to me.

'Cousin Mary has no sons at all, has she, Molly?' said I, in a tone which almost defied her to impute such cruelty to Mrs. Fawkes. 'And I know she cannot have a nephew, for she has always been dear Lady Markham's only child. And Cousin Mary would never, never, never, *adopt* anybody, would she, Molly?' I asked anxiously, as the possibility of such an event occurred to me.

'Adopt anybody! Why, bless the child, what is she thinking of? What need has she to go about adopting, my dear, when she's got her own Miss Rosey at her side?'

'And is Rosey coming too?' said I, beginning my favourite dance of triumph about the room. 'Rosey left school, and coming to be "out" with me?'

'Of course she's coming, my love, and young Lord Kingsley, too, and Mr. Dow.'

Here my dance became a perfect hurricane of delight, for these were the oldest of old friends. Arthur Kingsley, a cousin of the Markhams, and like myself an orphan, had been my play-fellow in many happy days at Markham

and at Uncle Jack's; while Mr. Dow was also an *habitué* of both houses, and having always been very old indeed, forty at the very least, had petted and made much of me from my very babyhood.

They came. I met them in the hall, radiant with glee; but the first meeting was slightly clouded with disappointment. Cousin Mary, it is true, was unchanged, and Rosey had merely become taller, prettier, and more *distingué* than in past days. Arthur Kingsley, too, was the same. He had never known a day's health, poor boy, and at one-and-twenty was as slight and delicate in appearance as he had been at sixteen. But the alteration in Mr. Dow was so extraordinary that I could hardly keep my eyes from him, and I passed the first few hours after their arrival in that perplexed state which one experiences on waking from a vivid dream, to find things are not what they seemed.

He was decidedly younger than he had been; in fact he was almost a young man; and he treated me with a civility and attention which kept constantly before my mind the fact of my being a grown-up young lady, and no longer the merry child with whom he used to run races on the terraces at Markham, and to whom he had once given sixpence for holding her tongue for ten minutes consecutively. He even called me Miss Benson, whereas Arthur treated me with the same brotherly familiarity as of old, and yet I had seen neither of them for two years.

I suppose I dressed rather early that evening, for when I went downstairs the drawing-room was tenanted by but one individual. That one was a stranger. As I opened the door I was startled by the sound of a strange but peculiarly pleasing voice. I paused involuntarily in the doorway, and heard as follows:

'Bringing the whole powers of the mind to bear on the given point, we cannot fail to perceive that above the stalagmite other remains of Celtic, British, Roman, and still later dates, occur. McEnery has it that the flint instruments had been really covered by the stalagmite. The extinct hyæna...'

Here the speaker, who was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, approached so close that he could not fail to perceive me. He stopped, gazing at me for a full minute with an air of extreme perplexity, and then glancing round the room, and passing his hand across his forehead, said in a rapid tone of apologetic inquiry:

'Will you oblige me with the day of the week, month, and year; also of the locality and any other circumstances of note?'

'Monday, June 23, 18—, Markham Hall,' said I, much amused; adding, 'I don't think there are any circumstances at all.'

He bowed, and resumed his walk in silence, though I think I once more heard him mutter, 'Bringing the whole powers of the mind to concentrate on the given point.' I gazed at him in amused wonder. He was a tall man, with a head of peculiar form, and large dreamy blue eyes, which constantly reminded me of Molly's plan of 'looking beyond.' And yet, my dears, I have seen those eyes grow almost black with concentrated determination when there has been a wrong to redress, or a task of difficulty to perform. And I have seen them light up with more than womanly kindness when his heart has been touched with the sorrows of others. There was the same twofold character about the mouth, the wavering uncertain lines of which, to a casual observer, would denote an undecided though a peculiarly sweet temper. Yet there were times when the wavering line became one expressive of firmest decision and resolve.

I do not pretend to have discovered all this at once, my dears; but you will pardon me for dwelling on peculiarities which I have learnt in years of happiness.

Mr. Fawkes introduced him to me as Colonel Solmes. During the next two days I had a great deal of most complicated feeling. I could have been almost happy, but for the thought, the goading thought, of my three engagements, and of the too-rapid approach of the fatal

Thursday which must bring about a *dénouement* of a most embarrassing description. I really believe that any other girl must have fallen ill with the worry, and that only my inveterate light-heartedness and power of living in the present and of throwing off trouble enabled me to bear up, and even to a certain degree to enjoy myself. Even I could not, however, entirely forget the possibility of Sir Robert's appearance at any moment, nor could I help casting glances of fear at every advancing figure during our walks, drives, and rides; especially in the direction of the Brown Beeches and the village, where I doubted not Mons. Carl awaited the departure of the *cher cousin*. Indeed, I was not safe for a moment. Lady Selling might hear of the now rapid improvement in Lady Markham's health, and might descend upon me; or she might write, either direct to Lady Markham or to Cousin Mary, and peremptorily demand why I had not yet been seen in London ordering my fourteen pairs of boots. Moreover, it had occurred to me that I might have committed myself to an unknown extent by answering Sir Robert's letter; and bitterly did I repent the precipitancy of that action. Had I but lingered! Had I but deferred writing for a few days! How did I know that they might not now drag me into a real court of justice, and on the strength of that unlucky letter oblige me to marry Sir Robert? At the best it had given him an unfair advantage over the others.

I watched the post with the greatest anxiety. I gazed daily at the letters still in my possession, and daily I told myself that dear Lady Markham must not yet be troubled with it. I had at first really intended to confide all my troubles to Cousin Mary, but I found it impossible. She was much occupied with her mother and her duties as hostess, and I lacked alike opportunity and courage. Had she tried to draw me out, I believe that I should have told her all. I am glad that she did not. In that case I should never have married Colonel Solmes.

Arthur Kingsley had one of his attacks

of illness on the Tuesday, and I was much employed in waiting on him. We played at Fox and Goose, and looked at pictures, and I made tea for him, brought him flowers, and surreptitiously introduced his dog into the drawing-room; and we amused ourselves like two children as we were. All the time Colonel Solmes was writing, examining musty books, and bringing his mind to bear on a given point at a table in a corner of the same room. He was as clever as eccentric, and ought never to have been a soldier. His great hobby was geology, and he was writing a book on "The Antiquity of Man." Rosey told me this, adding that though he was horribly stupid and absent, she believed that he was better and cleverer than anybody else in the world, besides knowing all the books that ever were written, and being perfectly idolized by his regiment.

I was strangely attracted by him, and I think a little piqued by his utter disregard of me. I had been so accustomed to be the object of attention that I felt injured. But he treated everybody just the same; living to all appearance in a world of his own.

During the whole of that Tuesday I believe I attended far more to him than to Arthur. I know I never failed to hear the request to be informed the day of the week, month, and year, together with the locality and any other circumstances of note, a habit into which he had fallen; and more than once I assisted him to search for a particular book, for his ink, pen, gloves, stick, and other things which he was always losing or misplacing. He rewarded me at length by a kind smile which brought the tears to my eyes, and I remember well wishing that night that my father had lived, and had been exactly like Colonel Solmes. It would have been so nice to have waited on him. I would not let Arthur laugh at him.

Meantime I had speedily become used to the change in Mr. Dow's manners, and was quite at my ease with him. We talked and laughed, and probably flirted all that evening with the intimacy of old friendship, and I even told him

that I had fancied him much older than he was.

There was to be a party on Wednesday. Lady Markham was really well again. Arthur was much better, but was not to leave his sofa. Rosey, Mr. Dow, and I were to take a long ride, and Colonel Solmes was to write as usual.

I went into the drawing-room with my habit on, to sit with Arthur for ten minutes before the horses came. I had been hurrying to do so, but the time was less pleasant than I expected. All the books and papers at the corner table were ready, but Colonel Solmes was not there. I sat down by Arthur in silence. He was in high spirits, unusually high. He asked me to do several things for him, and then said—

‘Lottie, how uncommonly nice it would be to have you to nurse one always. I’ve been thinking that I don’t a bit mind being ill when I’ve got you. I wish you were not going out this morning.’

‘So do I,’ said I with a sigh, looking towards the distant table.

‘No; but do you really though, Lottie?’ said the boy, raising himself on his elbow with a look of delight which I scarcely appreciated at the time. ‘Do you really mean that you had rather be here than out riding?’

‘Of course I do, Arthur,’ said I, almost impatiently, for the time was passing rapidly, and Colonel Solmes had not made his appearance.

‘How kind you are,’ said he, leaning his thin white cheek on his hand. ‘I do like you better than anybody in the world, Lottie. There’s nobody so awfully jolly as you are. Why shouldn’t you really be my little wife, as we used to settle in fun years ago? You should have everything in the world you like. Lots of dogs, and riding, and all that. Will you, Lottie? Kingsley Manor is so lonely with only Mr. Dudley,’ added the poor boy, pitifully.

‘Poor Arthur!’ said I, touched for the moment. ‘I should like to see Kingsley. It must be dull; but what fun we could have there,’ I added, with an effort at consoling him, and with-

out attaching any real meaning to his question.

‘Then you will say “Yes?” You really mean it, Lottie? You will be my wife, Lottie, won’t you?’ said he, eagerly.

‘Oh yes, of course, Arthur. You know that has all been settled long ago,’ said I, vaguely, for at this moment Colonel Solmes entered the room. But alas! Rosey and Mr. Dow followed, and the horses were announced. Arthur Kingsley squeezed my hand till it ached; and Rosey remarked, as we left the room, how much better he was looking.

Just before dressing-time Rosey danced into my room, and rapturously embraced me.

‘What is it, dear Rosey?’ said I.

‘What, Lottie? Why, you dear, darling, delicious little deceiver! Why did you never tell me that you are actually engaged to be married? Oh how wonderful it sounds, and how I wish it were me! Only I should not like him at all,’ replied Rosey, still in a paroxysm of delight.

I positively sat down in deadly terror. Which of my three engagements had she discovered? Who was coming to claim me before the fatal Thursday?

‘Speak quickly, Rosey,’ said I breathlessly; ‘what do you mean?’

‘Oh, Lottie!’ said she, half vexed. ‘How can you pretend so? You know you are engaged to Arthur Kingsley.’

‘Am I?’ said I, in utter bewilderment, for the morning conversation, having been regarded by me simply as a continuation of our childish intercourse, had completely passed out of my mind.

‘Are you?’ said she, hardly less astonished. ‘Why, of course you know you are. He has just told me all about it. And I am to be sure not to tell Mamma or anybody till to-morrow, because he wants to tell her himself. He has been watching for an opportunity all day, but that horrid Colonel Solmes has never left the room. Why, Lottie, you must be dreaming! You know you are engaged to him.’

‘So I am!’ I exclaimed, as the recol-

lection of what had passed in the morning flashed upon me, together with the horrible conviction that his twenty-one years and my seventeen made it impossible to regard it wholly, or at all, in the light of child's play. 'So I am!' I repeated slowly, 'and I really think I must be dreaming, as you say.'

'You funny girl!' laughed Rosey, as she left me to dress for dinner. 'I suppose one's first proposal does rather turn one's head. Don't be late for dinner, dear, or that horrid Colonel Solmes will take you in. He is sure to be late.'

But I was late, and meeting Colonel Solmes at the door he did take me in, and sat near me, and though we hardly spoke I was as happy as the thought of poor Arthur at his invalid tea in the next room would allow.

There was a very large party, and many came in the evening. Mrs. Fawkes liked gaiety, and promoted it. Lady Markham came down for a short time. There was dancing and music. I contrived to keep as far as possible from Arthur's sofa, and for some time was thoroughly engaged. At length I found myself alone in a corner of the room; and as I looked round on the gay scene my heart died within me as I thought of the morrow, and even asked myself if it could be possible that in all that crowd no one had already heard of any of my engagements. My alarm grew to such an height that I meditated stealing away to bed, when a servant approached. I felt at that moment that it was all over with me. I doubted not that I was to be called upon to answer for four engagements; and that Monsieur Carl, Sir Robert, and James Kennet were all sitting in awful judgment by the side of Arthur's sofa, ready to denounce me publicly.

'His lordship would be much obliged to you to step this way, ma'am,' was the civil translation of the boyish command for my presence which I doubted not Arthur had sent. I obeyed. Arthur was surrounded. Old and young vied in attempts to please and amuse him, and it was with difficulty that he had

found a moment to send the message. Young ladies were showing him engravings; old ones were anxiously inquiring after his health. Through all his eye sought mine, and his pale face lit up with a brilliant smile as I approached. He said very little, however, and Mr. Dow coming up almost directly to ask me to dance, I went off, cut to the heart with the most bitter self-reproach I had ever experienced, and feeling that to my dying day I should never forget that look of poor Arthur Kingsley's.

I did forget it in ten minutes, however. Dancing and Mr. Dow's amusing conversation occupied all the attention I could spare from the wonder as to what had become of Colonel Solmes, who had disappeared.

After that dance we wandered into the library, which was deserted by all save our two selves. Various books of engravings were lying about on the different tables, and we lighted upon one which had been an old favourite of mine in days gone by. I reminded him how often he had told me stories about the pictures, adding with a laugh, 'I almost think I should like to hear them now.'

'Should you?' said he eagerly. 'Do you wish for the old times over again? No,' he immediately added, 'I cannot echo that wish. To me the present days are far, far better.'

'Do you think so?' said I, with a sigh, as I thought of my many perplexities.

'Can you think otherwise?' said he. 'Surely our present enjoyments are of a higher nature. Surely the intercourse of mind with mind must be better than the mere amusements of childhood.'

'But there was nothing to trouble one then,' said I sadly.

'And I hope you have not very much to trouble you now,' said he, with a smile.

'Ah, but indeed I have. I have had such dreadful, dreadful trials. Oh such troubles, that there never was anything like it,' said I, feeling something of the relief of even a partial confession.

'Indeed!' said he, in evident surprise. 'I was not aware——'

'And I am in dreadful, dreadful distress now,' interrupted I. I really believe I had more than half an idea even then of confiding all my griefs to him. He was such a very old friend, and though he did look so much younger than I had expected, I had gradually resumed my old feeling of looking up to him as to some one of almost venerable antiquity.

'In such dreadful, dreadful distress!' he echoed, in extreme astonishment. 'I am indeed grieved. I cannot tell you how you pain me. Is there no way in which you can be helped? Is there nothing I could do?'

'Oh yes, yes, yes!' I exclaimed excitedly. 'If you would—I really do think you might—I do think I could trust you before anybody in the world,' and in my fancy I saw him dismissing the whole array of Carls, Sellings, and Kennets, explaining to Arthur that we were only children still, and reinstating me in my former freedom.

'Yes, I am sure I could trust you,' I repeated.

'You are right,' said he, in a low voice which trembled slightly. 'You are indeed right. You may trust me. And will you give me the right to protect you through these trials, Charlotte?'

He had taken my hand, and was pouring out an ardent declaration of attachment before I had recovered my senses. He had loved me from my early girlhood, almost from childhood. Yes—for once—for the first time I listened to the eloquence of true real love, and I felt its power. With a low startled cry I wrung my hand from his grasp and fled I knew not whither. I believe I intended to seek my own room, but meeting the servants in the passage I turned aside, and darting into the conservatory, sunk on the floor, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. This was the climax of my woe. In future I could trust no one, confide in no one. Everybody proposed to me. I was alone for ever.

My own convulsive sobbing at first prevented me from perceiving that the

conservatory was not as entirely deserted as I had imagined, but becoming aware of this fact, as by degrees my excitement grew less violent, I peeped through the foliage which surrounded me, and perceived Colonel Solmes pacing up and down as usual, talking to himself. I held my breath to listen, and this, as far as I can recollect, was what I heard, though, if I make nonsense of it, you must forgive me.

'Sir Charles Lyell, however, told me himself that he is of opinion that we may one day discover the remains of man in these deposits. Now, concentrating the whole powers of the mind on the given point, we recognize three distinct species of fossil elephants in these pre-glacial forest beds.'

'The *Elephas primigenius* or Mammoth—contemporary in a later period with man.

'The *Elephas antiquus*, also contemporary in a later period with man.

'The *Elephas meridionalis*, confined to the earlier deposits, and not known to be contemporary with man.

'Now the *Mastodon giganteus*——' An involuntary sob here arrested his steps, and he looked round with a puzzled air; pronounced his usual formula—the demand for the day, month, year, locality, and other circumstances of note, and then catching sight of my white dress, and eyes glistening with tears, through the dark leaves of the passion-flower, which half-concealed me as I crouched behind the framework, he rapidly advanced towards me, exclaiming in dreary amazement:

'Bringing the whole powers of the mind . . . What do I see?'

Apparently he mistook me for a mastodon, or a fourth species of the *Elephas*. At least he could not have looked more bewildered had he discovered a specimen of that nature in my place on the floor of the conservatory.

He gazed. I sobbed. 'Surely,' said he at length, and the dreamy look began to fade from his eyes, and for the first time I witnessed that rallying of power in lip and eye to which I have before

alluded. 'Surely this is the child who has treated me with such kind consideration during the last few days. And can sorrow cloud that happy face?'

My sobs redoubled, and he seated himself on the flower-bench by my side, and began to talk as one would to a child in distress.

'Calm yourself, my child,' said he, gravely but kindly.

'I'm not a child at all,' said I, spasmodically between my sobs; 'I'm dreadfully grown up, and I'm very wretched; and there's no good asking anybody to help me.'

'Let me help you,' said he simply, taking my hand and stroking it gently. 'Let me see if we cannot find a way out of this terrible sorrow;' and he gave me one of his rare, grave smiles.

It was wonderful how calm I grew; how safe I felt with my hand in his. How it happened I know not, but I told him all my sorrows, from the very first meeting with Mons. Carl Toolou down to the last episode which had just taken place in the library.

I wish I could hope to convey to you a just idea of the way in which this extraordinary man received my incoherent tale. At first he was evidently perplexed at the discovery that I was not the mere child he had imagined. He even let my hand fall; but as my tale proceeded, and with my very genuine distress touched him with pity, he once more placed it between his own, while his eye deepened and darkened with kindly sympathy. Still stroking my hand, when I ceased speaking, he said with great deliberation (he always spoke very slowly, or with the most unusual rapidity)—

'I have, I fear, little experience in these matters, but I cannot but think your tale must be of a most unusual nature.'

He paused; he pondered deeply; he even rose, and once more commenced pacing up and down the tessellated pavement. I almost dreaded to hear of the extinct hyæna, so long did he continue in deep thought.

'Of most unusual nature'... repeated he at length, 'that in less than four weeks one young lady should receive no less than five proposals of marriage, and should fail, utterly and entirely fail, in declining any one of them; although, as I understand, most anxious to do so. Here must exist some curious mental peculiarity. This total inability to pronounce a negative under any circumstances whatever, might surely have been conquered by judicious training in very early youth. Even now it would be a question of interest whether'...

'I should have had to say it so very often,' said I, with another sob. 'There wasn't one who came that had the common civility not to want to marry me, except you and Harry.'

He had stopped to listen. He started as I mentioned him. A new idea had struck him. He resumed his walk.

'Me!' he repeated. 'Me! And why not I?... True, the idea is new... a child, a mere child; and yet not a child. She tells me she is grown up. Probably I should never find any one more so. Decidedly for myself I should ever fail to make the discovery. To my eyes they are all children until they merge into old age.'...

Again he paused, and passed his hand over his forehead.

'It has totally escaped my memory,' said he, 'but surely I came to England for the express purpose of seeking a wife! Assuredly this must be the case; and yet I have allowed the time to slip by, and if I mistake not but a small portion of my leave can remain. Let me pause. Let me think. Setting myself on one side; bringing the whole powers of the mind to concentrate on the given point, what course should she pursue? What can be done to extricate her from her embarrassments? Clearly, her circumstances are, I take it, exceptional. The remedy must be the same. I doubt—I doubt the power of man to unravel the skein of entanglement in which she is involved, in any other way. Yes; it follows. As long as she remains here and unmarried, she will never be free from the annoyances which her mental

peculiarities render her totally incapable of meeting.'

This was not flattering. 'I'm sure I should not give any trouble at all to anybody, if they'd only leave off proposing to me,' said I, in another sob; 'and I don't think I have any mental peculiarity at all.'

He looked at me fixedly. 'Concentrating the whole power of the mind on the given point, the position I take to be this. Required for her, a trustworthy person to extricate her from her difficulties. For me, a wife. By marrying her, I should set her free. Now, the question arises, could I make her happy? Would she not, child as she is, pine and fret, and probably droop with only the companionship of—'

'Oh no, no, no, no, no!' cried I, 'I never fret and pine, and I don't know how to droop. I'm sure I should be very happy, and I always know the day of the week, and month, and year, and all about everything.'

It was done, my dears! I had pronounced the negative, and yet in doing so, I had accepted one more to add to my already too long list. But my heart had found its home, and I was happy. It was dreadfully undignified, of course, but I cared very little for that; for, I repeat, I was happy. I knew, moreover, that he would never remember the circumstances of our engagement, any more than the day of the week, month, or year in which it took place. We sat there, I cannot tell how long, among the gently falling blossoms of the jessamine, and the sad dark foliage of the passion-flower.

One more little paroxysm of suffering, or rather of excitement, I had to pass through when he proposed that we should go at once and tell Cousin Mary. He had already forgotten my perplexities. I stopped him with a vehement

flow of words; and after some consideration, and bringing his mind to bear on the given point—as I impudently advised him to do—he remembered that at the first moment that the idea of marrying me himself had occurred to him, it had been coupled with the conviction that it must of necessity be a case of running away. In point of fact it was quite an exceptional case. We should not be running away to be married. Quite the reverse. We agreed to be married merely that I might be able to run away from my difficulties. Which I did.

On that Thursday, the very day so dreaded, I crept out of Markham Hall at the earliest dawn, and, meeting Colonel Solmes at the park-gate, walked two miles with him to the station—went up to London by the express; rested at his sister's house while he made the necessary arrangements, and stood at the altar by his side, probably at the very hour when James Kennet was claiming me from Lady Markham as his promised bride.

I only hope Sir Robert and Carl Toolou arrived at the same moment; I have often laughed at the idea of their discomfiture. But I try to think as little as possible of poor Arthur Kingsley and dear Mr. Dow.

I was much amused at Colonel Solmes's horror at discovering that he had positively run away with an heiress, and I could not resist the pleasure of advising him to devote my fortune to the endowment of an asylum for orphan mastodons and the extinct man—when found.

And now, my dears, my story is finished. Thank you for listening so patiently. In conclusion, I have only to add that we sailed for India within ten days of our marriage—that Colonel Solmes is quite charming, and I, myself, the happiest wife in the world."

ON DESCARTES' "DISCOURSE
TOUCHING THE METHOD OF USING ONE'S REASON RIGHTLY,
AND OF SEEKING SCIENTIFIC TRUTH."

An Address to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

It has been well said that "all the thoughts of men, from the beginning of the world until now, are linked together into one great chain," but the conception of the intellectual filiation of mankind which is expressed in these words may, perhaps, be more fitly shadowed forth by a different metaphor. The thoughts of men seem rather to be comparable to the leaves, flowers, and fruit upon the innumerable branches of a few great stems, fed by commingled and hidden roots. These stems bear the names of the half-a-dozen men, endowed with intellects of heroic force and clearness, to whom we are led, at whatever point of the world of thought the attempt to trace its history commences; just as certainly as the following up the small twigs of a tree to the branchlets which bear them, and tracing the branchlets to their supporting branches, brings us, sooner or later, to the bole.

It seems to me that the thinker who, more than any other, stands in the relation of such a stem towards the philosophy and the science of the modern world is René Descartes. I mean, that if you lay hold of any characteristic product of modern ways of thinking, either in the region of philosophy, or in that of science, you find the spirit of that thought, if not its form, to have been present in the mind of the great Frenchman.

There are some men who are counted great because they represent the actuality of their own age, and mirror it as it is. Such an one was Voltaire, of whom it was epigrammatically said, "he ex-

"pressed everybody's thoughts better than anybody."¹ But there are other men who attain greatness because they embody the potentiality of their own day, and magically reflect the future. They express the thoughts which will be everybody's two or three centuries after them. Such an one was Descartes.

Born, in 1596, nearly three hundred years ago, of a noble family in Touraine, René Descartes grew up into a sickly and diminutive child, whose keen wit soon gained him that title of "the Philosopher," which, in the mouths of his noble kinsmen, was more than half a reproach. The best schoolmasters of the day, the Jesuits, educated him as well as a French boy of the seventeenth century could be educated. And they must have done their work honestly and well, for, before his schoolboy days were over, he had discovered that the most of what he had learned, except in mathematics, was devoid of solid and real value.

"Therefore," says he, in that "Discourse"² which I have taken as my text, "as soon as I was old enough to be set free from the government of my teachers, I entirely forsook the study of letters; and determining to seek no other knowledge than that which I could discover within myself, or in the great book of the world, I spent the remainder of my youth in travelling; in seeing courts and armies; in

¹ I forget who it was said of him: "Il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a."

² "Discours de la Méthode pour bien conduire sa Raison et chercher la Vérité dans les Sciences."

"the society of people of different humours and conditions; in gathering varied experience; in testing myself by the chances of fortune; and in always trying to profit by my reflections on what happened . . . And "I always had an intense desire to learn how to distinguish truth from falsehood, in order to be clear about my actions, and to walk surefootedly in this life."

But "learn what is true, in order to do what is right," is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are unable to satisfy their mental hunger with the east wind of authority; and to those of us moderns who are in this position, it is one of Descartes' great claims to our reverence as a spiritual ancestor, that, at three-and-twenty, he saw clearly that this was his duty, and acted up to his conviction. At two-and-thirty, in fact, finding all other occupations incompatible with the search after the knowledge which leads to action, and being possessed of a modest competence, he withdrew into Holland; where he spent nine years in learning and thinking, in such privacy and retirement that only one or two trusted friends knew of his whereabouts.

In 1637 the firstfruits of these long meditations were given to the world in the famous "Discourse touching the Method of using Reason rightly, and of seeking Scientific Truth," which, at once an autobiography and a philosophy, clothes the deepest thought in language of exquisite harmony, simplicity, and clearness.

The central propositions of the whole "Discourse" are these. There is a path which leads to truth so surely, that any one who will follow it must needs reach the goal, whether his capacity be great or small. And there is one guiding rule by which a man may always find this path and keep himself from straying when he has found it. This golden rule is—give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted.

The enunciation of this great first

commandment of science consecrated Doubt. It removed Doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthroned it in that high place among the primary duties, which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days. Descartes was the first among the moderns to obey this commandment deliberately; and, as a matter of religious duty, to strip off all his beliefs and reduce himself to a state of intellectual nakedness, until such time as he could satisfy himself which were fit to be worn. He thought a bare skin healthier than the most respectable and well-cut clothing of what might, possibly, be mere shoddy.

When I say that Descartes consecrated doubt, you must remember that it was that sort of doubt which Goethe has called "the active scepticism, whose whole aim is to conquer itself;"¹ and not that other sort which is born of flippancy and ignorance, and whose aim is only to perpetuate itself, as an excuse for idleness and indifference. But it is impossible to define what is meant by scientific doubt better than by Descartes' own words. After describing the gradual progress of his negative criticism he tells us: "For all that, I did not imitate the sceptics, who doubt only for doubting's sake, and pretend to be always undecided; on the contrary, my whole intention was to arrive at certainty, and to dig away the drift and the sand until I reached the rock or the clay beneath."

And further, since no man of common sense, when he pulls down his house for the purpose of rebuilding it, fails to provide himself with some shelter while the work is in progress; so, before demolishing the spacious, if not commodious, mansion of his old beliefs, Descartes thought it wise to equip himself with what he calls "*une morale par provision*,"

¹ "Eine thätige Skepsis ist die, welche unablässig bemüht ist sich selbst zu überwinden, und durch geregelte Erfahrung zu einer Art von bedingter Zuverlässigkeit zu gelangen."—*Maximen und Reflexionen*, 7te Abtheilung.

by which he resolved to govern his practical life until such time as he should be better instructed. The laws of this "provisional self-government" are embodied in four maxims, of which one binds our philosopher to submit himself to the laws and religion in which he was brought up; another, to act, on all those occasions which call for action, promptly and according to the best of his judgment, and to abide, without repining, by the result; a third rule is to seek happiness in limiting his desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them; while the last is to make the search after truth the business of his life.

Thus prepared to go on living while he doubted, Descartes proceeded to face his doubts like a man. One thing was clear to him, he would not lie to himself—would, under no penalties, say, "I am sure" of that of which he was not sure; but would go on digging and delving until he came to the solid adamant; or, at worst, made sure there was no adamant. As the record of his progress tells us, he was obliged to confess that life is full of delusions; that authority may err; that testimony may be false or mistaken; that reason lands us in endless fallacies; that memory is often as little trustworthy as hope; that the evidence of the very senses may be misunderstood; that dreams are real as long as they last, and that what we call reality may be a long and restless dream. Nay, it is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find his pleasure in deluding us, and in making us believe the thing which is not, every moment of our lives. What, then, is certain? What even, if such a being exists, is beyond the reach of his powers of delusion? Why, the fact that the thought, the present consciousness, exists. Our thoughts may be delusive, but they cannot be fictitious. As thoughts, they are real and existent, and the cleverest deceiver cannot make them otherwise.

Thus, thought is existence. More than that, so far as we are concerned, existence is thought, all our

conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought. Do not for a moment suppose that these are mere paradoxes or subtleties. A little reflection upon the commonest facts proves them to be impregnable truths. For example, I take up a marble, and I find it to be a red, round, hard, single body. We call the redness, the roundness, the hardness, and the singleness, "qualities" of the marble; and it sounds, at first, the height of absurdity to say that all these qualities are modes of our own consciousness, which cannot even be conceived to exist in the marble. But take the redness, for example. How does the sensation of redness arise? The waves of a certain very attenuated matter, the particles of which are vibrating with vast rapidity, but with very different velocities, strike upon the marble, and those which vibrate with one particular velocity are thrown off from its surface in all directions. The optical apparatus of the eye gathers some of these together, and gives them such a course that they strike upon the surface of the retina, which is a singularly delicate apparatus, connected with the termination of the fibres of the optic nerve. The impulses of the attenuated matter, or ether, affect this apparatus and the fibres of the optic nerve in a certain way; and the change in the fibres of the optic nerve produces yet other changes in the brain; and these, in some fashion unknown to us, give rise to the feeling, or consciousness, of redness. If the marble could remain unchanged, and either the rate of vibration of the ether, or the nature of the retina, could be altered, the marble would seem not red, but some other colour. There are many people who are what are called colour-blind, being unable to distinguish one colour from another. Such an one might declare our marble to be green; and he would be quite as right in saying that it is green, as we are in declaring it to be red. But then, as the marble cannot, in itself, be both green and red at the same time, this shows that the quality "redness" must be in our consciousness and not in the marble.

In like manner, it is easy to see that the roundness and the hardness are forms of our consciousness, belonging to the groups which we call sensations of sight and touch. If the surface of the cornea were cylindrical, we should have a very different notion of a round body from that which we possess now; and if the strength of the fabric, and the force of the muscles, of the body were increased a hundredfold, our marble would seem to be as soft as a pellet of bread-crumbs.

Not only is it obvious that all these qualities are in us, but, if you will make the attempt, you will find it quite impossible to conceive of "blueness," "roundness," and "hardness" as existing without reference to some such consciousness as our own. It may seem strange to say that even the "singleness" of the marble is relative to us; but very simple experiments will show that such is veritably the case, and that our two most trustworthy senses may be made to contradict one another on this very point. Hold the marble between the finger and thumb, and look at it in the ordinary way. Sight and touch agree that it is single. Now squint, and sight tells you that there are two marbles, while touch asserts that there is only one. Next, return the eyes to their natural position, and having crossed the forefinger and the middle finger, put the marble between their tips. Then touch will declare that there are two marbles, while sight says that there is only one; and touch claims our belief, when we attend to it, just as imperatively as sight does.

But it may be said, the marble takes up a certain space which could not be occupied, at the same time, by anything else. In other words, the marble has the primary quality of matter, extension. Surely this quality must be in the thing, and not in our minds? But the reply must still be; whatever may, or may not, exist in the thing, all that we can know of these qualities is a state of consciousness. What we call extension is a consciousness of a relation between two, or more, affections of the sense of sight or of touch. And it is wholly in-

conceivable that what we call extension should exist independently of such consciousness as our own. Whether, notwithstanding this inconceivability, it does so exist, or not, is a point on which I offer no opinion.

Thus, whatever our marble may be in itself, all that we can know of it is under the shape of a bundle of our own consciousnesses.

Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel, more, or less, than a knowledge of states of consciousness. And our whole life is made up of such states. Some of these states we refer to a cause we call "self;" others to a cause or causes which may be comprehended under the title of "not-self." But neither of the existence of "self," nor of that of "not-self," have we, or can we by any possibility have, any such unquestionable and immediate certainty as we have of the states of consciousness which we consider to be their effects. They are not immediately observed facts, but results of the application of the law of causation to those facts. Strictly speaking, the existence of a "self" and of a "not-self" are hypotheses by which we account for the facts of consciousness. They stand upon the same footing as the belief in the general trustworthiness of memory, and in the general constancy of the order of nature—as hypothetical assumptions which cannot be proved, or known with that highest degree of certainty which is given by immediate consciousness; but which, nevertheless, are of the highest practical value, inasmuch as the conclusions logically drawn from them are always verified by experience.

This, in my judgment, is the ultimate issue of Descartes' argument; but it is proper for me to point out that we have left Descartes himself some way behind us. He stopped at the famous formula, "I think, therefore I am." But a little consideration will show this formula to be full of snares and verbal entanglements. In the first place, the "therefore" has no business there. The "I am" is assumed in the "I think," which is simply another way of saying

"I am thinking." And, in the second place, "I think" is not one simple proposition, but three distinct assertions rolled into one. The first of these is, "something called I exists;" the second is, "something called thought exists;" and the third is, "the thought is the result of the action of the I."

Now, it will be obvious to you, that the only one of these three propositions which can stand the Cartesian test of certainty is the second. It cannot be doubted, for the very doubt is an existent thought. But the first and third, whether true or not, may be doubted, and have been doubted. For the assertor may be asked, How do you know that thought is not self-existent; or that a given thought is not the effect of its antecedent thought, or of some external power? and a diversity of other questions, much more easily put than answered. Descartes, determined as he was to strip off all the garments which the intellect weaves for itself, forgot this gossamer shirt of the "self," to the great detriment, and indeed ruin, of his toilet when he began to clothe himself again.

But it is beside my purpose to dwell upon the minor peculiarities of the Cartesian philosophy. All I wish to put clearly before your minds thus far, is that Descartes, having commenced by declaring doubt to be a duty, found certainty in consciousness alone; and that the necessary outcome of his views is what may properly be termed Idealism; namely, the doctrine that, whatever the universe may be, all we can know of it is the picture presented to us by consciousness. This picture may be a true likeness—though how this can be is inconceivable; or it may have no more resemblance to its cause than one of Bach's fugues has to the person who is playing it; or than a piece of poetry has to the mouth and lips of a reciter. It is enough for all the practical purposes of human existence if we find that our trust in the representations of consciousness is verified by results; and that, by their help, we are enabled "to walk surefootedly in this life."

Thus the method, or path which leads to truth, indicated by Descartes, takes us straight to the Critical Idealism of his great successor Kant. It is that Idealism which declares the ultimate fact of all knowledge to be a consciousness, or, in other words, a mental phenomenon; and therefore affirms the highest of all certainties, and indeed the only absolute certainty, to be the existence of mind. But it is also that Idealism which refuses to make any assertions, either positive or negative, as to what lies beyond consciousness. It accuses the subtle Berkeley of stepping beyond the limits of knowledge when he declared that a substance of matter does not exist; and of illogicality, for not seeing that the arguments which he supposed demolished the existence of matter were equally destructive to the existence of soul. And it equally refuses to listen to the jargon of more recent days about the Absolute, and all the other hypostatized adjectives, the initial letters of the names of which are generally printed in capital letters; just as you give a Grenadier a bearskin cap, to make him look more formidable than he is by nature.

I repeat, the path indicated and followed by Descartes which we have hitherto been treading, leads through doubt to that critical Idealism which lies at the heart of modern metaphysical thought. But the "Discourse" shows us another, and apparently very different, path, which leads, quite as definitely, to that correlation of all the phenomena of the universe with matter and motion, which lies at the heart of modern physical thought, and which most people call Materialism.

The early part of the seventeenth century, when Descartes reached manhood, is one of the great epochs of the intellectual life of mankind. At that time, physical science suddenly strode into the arena of public and familiar thought, and openly challenged, not only Philosophy and the Church, but that common ignorance which passes by the name of Common Sense. The assertion of the motion of the earth was a defiance to all three, and Physical

Science threw down her glove by the hand of Galileo.

It is not pleasant to think of the immediate result of the combat; to see the champion of science, old, worn, and on his knees before the Cardinal Inquisitor, signing his name to what he knew to be a lie. And, no doubt, the Cardinals rubbed their hands as they thought how well they had silenced and discredited their adversary. But two hundred years have passed, and however feeble or faulty her soldiers, Physical Science sits crowned and enthroned as one of the legitimate rulers of the world of thought. Charity children would be ashamed not to know that the earth moves; while the Schoolmen are forgotten; and the Cardinals—well, the Cardinals are at the Ecumenical Council, still at their old business of trying to stop the movement of the world.

As a ship, which having lain becalmed with every stitch of canvas set, bounds away before the breeze which springs up astern, so the mind of Descartes, poised in equilibrium of doubt, not only yielded to the full force of the impulse towards physical science and physical ways of thought, given by his great contemporaries, Galileo and Harvey, but shot beyond them; and anticipated, by bold speculation, the conclusions, which could only be placed upon a secure foundation by the labours of generations of workers.

Descartes saw that the discoveries of Galileo meant that the remotest parts of the universe were governed by mechanical laws; while those of Harvey meant that the same laws presided over the operations of that portion of the world which is nearest to us, namely, our own bodily frame. And crossing the interval between the centre and its vast circumference by one of the great strides of genius, Descartes sought to resolve all the phenomena of the universe into matter and motion, or forces operating according to law.¹ This

grand conception, which is sketched in the "Discours," and more fully developed in the "Principes" and in the "Traité de l'Homme," he worked out with extraordinary power and knowledge; and with the effect of arriving, in the last-named essay, at that purely mechanical view of vital phenomena towards which modern physiology is striving.

Let us try to understand how Descartes got into this path, and why it led him where it did. The mechanism of the circulation of the blood had evidently taken a great hold of his mind, as he describes it several times, at much length. After giving a full account of it in the "Discours," and erroneously ascribing the motion of the blood, not to the contraction of the walls of the heart, but to the heat which he supposes to be generated there, he adds: "This motion which I have just explained is as much the necessary result of the structure of the parts which one can see in the heart, and of the heat which one may feel there with one's fingers, and of the nature of the blood, which may be experimentally ascertained; as is that of a clock of the force the situation and the figure of its weight and of its wheels."

But if this apparently vital operation were explicable as a simple mechanism, might not other vital operations be reducible to the same category? Descartes replies without hesitation in the affirmative. "The animal spirits," says he, "resemble a very subtle fluid, or a very pure and vivid flame, and are continually generated in the heart, and ascend to the brain as to a sort of reservoir. Hence they pass into the nerves and are distributed to the muscles, causing contraction, or relaxation, according to their quantity."

Thus, according to Descartes, the animal body is an automaton, which is competent to perform all the animal

¹ "Au milieu de toutes ses erreurs, il ne faut pas méconnaître une grande idée, qui consiste à avoir tenté pour la première fois de

ramener tous les phénomènes naturels à n'être qu'un simple développement des lois de la mécanique," is the weighty judgment of Biot, cited by Bouillier (*Histoire de la Philosophie Cartésienne*, t. i. p. 196).

functions in exactly the same way as a clock or any other piece of mechanism. As he puts the case himself: "In proportion as these spirits (the animal spirits) enter the cavities of the brain, they pass thence into the pores of its substance, and from these pores into the nerves; where, according as they enter, or even only tend to enter, more or less, into one than into another, they have the power of altering the figure of the muscles into which the nerves are inserted, and by this means of causing all the muscles to move. Thus, as you may have seen in the grottoes and the fountains in royal gardens, the force with which the water issues from its reservoir is sufficient to move various machines, and even to make them play instruments, or pronounce words according to the different disposition of the pipes which lead the water.

"And, in truth, the nerves of the machine which I am describing may very well be compared to the pipes of these waterworks; its muscles and its tendons to the other various engines and springs which seem to move them; its animal spirits to the water which impels them, of which the heart is the spring; while the cavities of the brain are the central office. Moreover, respiration and other such actions as are natural and usual in the body, and which depend on the course of the spirits, are like the movements of a clock, or of a mill, which may be kept up by the ordinary flow of water.

"The external objects which, by their mere presence, act upon the organs of the senses; and which, by this means, determine the corporal machine to move in many different ways, according as the parts of the brain are arranged, are like the strangers who, entering into some of the grottoes of these waterworks, unconsciously cause the movements which take place in their presence. For they cannot enter without treading upon certain planks so arranged that, for example, if they approach a bathing Diana they cause

"her to hide among the reeds; and if they attempt to follow her, they see approaching a Neptune, who threatens them with his trident; or if they try some other way, they cause some monster who vomits water into their faces, to dart out; or like contrivances, according to the fancy of the engineers who have made them. And lastly, when the *rational soul* is lodged in this machine, it will have its principal seat in the brain and will take the place of the engineer, who ought to be in that part of the works with which all the pipes are connected, when he wishes to increase, or to slacken, or in some way to alter, their movements."¹

And again still more strongly: "All the functions which I have attributed to this machine (the body), as the digestion of food, the pulsation of the heart and of the arteries; the nutrition and the growth of the limbs; respiration, wakefulness, and sleep; the reception of light, sounds, odours, flavours, heat, and such like qualities, in the organs of the external senses; the impression of the ideas of these in the organ of common sense and in the imagination; the retention or the impression of these ideas on the memory; the internal movements of the appetites and the passions; and lastly the external movements of all the limbs, which follow so aptly, as well the action of the objects which are presented to the senses, as the impressions which meet in the memory, that they imitate as nearly as possible those of a real man;² I desire, I say, that you should consider that these functions in the machine naturally proceed from the mere arrangement of its organs, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock or other auto-

¹ "Traité de l'Homme" (Cousin's Edition), p. 347.

² Descartes pretends that he does not apply his views to the human body, but only to an imaginary machine which, if it could be constructed, would do all that the human body does; throwing a sop to Cerberus unworthily; and uselessly, because Cerberus was by no means stupid enough to swallow it.

"maton from that of its weights and its wheels; so that, so far as these are concerned, it is not necessary to conceive any other vegetative or sensitive soul, nor any other principle of motion, or of life, than the blood and the spirits agitated by the fire which burns continually in the heart, and which is no wise essentially different from all the fires which exist in inanimate bodies."¹

The spirit of these passages is exactly that of the most advanced physiology of the present day; all that is necessary to make them coincide with our present physiology in form, is to represent the details of the working of the animal machinery in modern language, and by the aid of modern conceptions.

Most undoubtedly, the digestion of food in the human body is a purely chemical process; and the passage of the nutritive parts of that food into the blood, a physical operation. Beyond all question, the circulation of the blood is simply a matter of mechanism, and results from the structure and arrangement of the parts of the heart and vessels, from the contractility of those organs, and from the regulation of that contractility by an automatically acting nervous apparatus. The progress of physiology has further shown, that the contractility of the muscles and the irritability of the nerves is purely the result of the molecular mechanism of those organs; and that the regular movements of the respiratory, alimentary, and other internal organs are governed and guided, as mechanically, by their appropriate nervous centres. The even regularity of the breathing of every one of us, depends upon the structural integrity of a particular region of the medulla oblongata, as much as the ticking of a clock depends upon the integrity of the escapement. You may take away the hands of a clock and break up its striking machinery, but it will still tick; and a man may be unable to feel, speak, or move, and yet he will breathe.

Again, in entire accordance with Descartes' affirmation, it is certain that the

"*Traité de l'Homme*," p. 427.

modes of motion which constitute the physical basis of light, sound, and heat, are transmuted into affections of nervous matter by the sensory organs; and these affections are, so to speak, a kind of physical ideas, which are retained in the central organs, constituting what might be called physical memory, and may be combined in a manner which answers to association and imagination, or may give rise to muscular contractions, in those "reflex actions" which are the mechanical representatives of volitions.

Consider what happens when a blow is aimed at the eye.¹ Instantly, and without our knowledge or will, and even against the will, the eyelids close. What is it that happens? A picture of the rapidly advancing fist is made upon the retina at the back of the eye. The retina changes this picture into an affection of a number of the fibres of the optic nerve; the fibres of the optic nerve affect certain parts of the brain; the brain in consequence affects those particular fibres of the seventh nerve which go to the orbicular muscle of the eyelids; the change in these nerve-fibres causes the muscular fibres to change their dimensions, so as to become shorter and broader; and the result is the closing of the slit between the two lids, round which these fibres are disposed. Here is a pure mechanism, giving rise to a purposive action, and strictly comparable to that by which Descartes supposes his waterwork Diana to be moved. But we may go further and inquire whether our volition, in what we term voluntary action, ever plays any other part than that of Descartes' engineer, sitting in his office, and turning this tap or the other as he wishes to set one or another machine in motion, but exercising no direct influence upon the movements of the whole.

Our voluntary acts consist of two parts: firstly, we desire to perform a certain action; and, secondly, we somehow set a-going a machinery which does what we desire. But, so little do we directly influence that machinery, that

¹ Compare "*Traité des Passions*," Art. XIII. and XVI.

nine-tenths of us do not even know its existence.

Suppose one wills to raise one's arm and whirl it round. Nothing is easier. But the majority of us do not know that nerves and muscles are concerned in this process; and the best anatomist among us would be amazingly perplexed, if he had to direct the succession, and the relative strength, of the multitudinous nerve-changes, which are the actual causes of this very simple operation.

So again in speaking. How many of us know that the voice is produced in the larynx, and modified by the mouth? How many among these instructed persons understand how the voice is produced and modified? And what living man, if he had unlimited control over all the nerves supplying the mouth and larynx of another person, could make him pronounce a sentence? Yet, if one has anything to say, what is easier than to say it? We desire the utterance of certain words: we touch the spring of the word-machine, and they are spoken. Just as Descartes' engineer, when he wanted a particular hydraulic machine to play, had only to turn a tap, and what he wished was done. It is because the body is a machine that education is possible. Education is the formation of habits, a superinducing of an artificial organization upon the natural organization of the body; so that acts, which at first required a conscious effort, eventually became unconscious and mechanical. If the act which primarily requires a distinct consciousness and volition of its details, always needed the same effort, education would be an impossibility.

According to Descartes, then, all the functions which are common to man and animals are performed by the body as a mere mechanism, and he looks upon consciousness as the peculiar distinction of the "*chose pensante*," as the "rational soul," which in man (and in man only, in Descartes' opinion) is superadded to the body. This rational soul he conceived to be lodged in the pineal gland, as in a sort of central office, and here by the intermediation of the animal spirits

it became aware of what was going on in the body, or influenced the operations of the body. Modern physiologists do not ascribe so high a function to the little pineal gland, but, in a vague sort of way, they adopt Descartes' principle, and suppose that the soul is lodged in the cortical part of the brain—at least this is commonly regarded as the seat and instrument of consciousness.

Descartes has clearly defined what he conceived to be the difference between spirit and matter. Matter is substance which has extension, but does not think; spirit is substance which thinks, but has no extension. It is very hard to form a definite notion of what this phraseology means, when it is taken in connection with the location of the soul in the pineal gland; and I can only represent it to myself as signifying that the soul is a mathematical point, having place but not extension, within the limits of the pineal gland. Not only has it place, but it must exert force; for, according to the hypothesis, it is competent, when it wills, to change the course of the animal spirits, which consist of matter in motion. Thus the soul becomes a centre of force. But, at the same time, the distinction between spirit and matter vanishes; inasmuch as matter, according to a tenable hypothesis, may be nothing but a multitude of centres of force. The case is worse if we adopt the modern vague notion that consciousness is seated generally in the grey matter of the cerebrum; for, as the grey matter has extension, that which is lodged in it must also have extension. And thus we are led, in another way, to lose spirit in matter.

In truth, Descartes' physiology, like the modern physiology of which it anticipates the spirit, leads straight to Materialism, so far as that title is rightly applicable to the doctrine that we have no knowledge of any thinking substance apart from extended substance, and that thought is as much a function of matter as motion is. Thus we arrive at the singular result that, of the two paths opened up to us in the "Discourse upon Method," the one leads,

by way of Berkeley and Hume, to Kant and Idealism; while the other leads, by way of De La Mettrie and Priestley, to modern physiology and Materialism.¹ Our stem divides into two main branches, which grow in opposite ways, and bear flowers which look as different as they can well be. But each branch is sound and healthy, and has as much life and vigour as the other.

If a botanist found this state of things in a new plant, I imagine that he might be inclined to think that his tree was monœcious—that the flowers were of different sexes, and that so far from setting up a barrier between the two branches of the tree, the only hope of fertility lay in bringing them together. I may be taking too much of a naturalist's view of the case, but I must confess that this is exactly my notion of what is to be done with metaphysics and physics. Their differences are complementary, not antagonistic; and thought will never be completely fruitful until the one unites with the other. Let me try to explain what I mean. I hold, with the Materialist, that the human body, like all living bodies, is a machine, all the operations of which will sooner or later be explained on physical principles. I believe that we shall, sooner or later, arrive at a mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just as we have arrived at a mechanical equivalent of heat. If a pound weight falling through a distance of a foot gives rise to a definite amount of heat, which may properly be said to be its equivalent; the same pound weight falling through a foot on a man's hand gives rise to a definite amount of feeling, which might with equal propriety be

said to be its equivalent in consciousness.¹ And as we already know that there is a certain parity between the intensity of a pain and the strength of one's desire to get rid of that pain; and secondly, that there is a certain correspondence between the intensity of the heat, or mechanical violence, which gives rise to the pain, and the pain itself; the possibility of the establishment of a correlation between mechanical force and volition becomes apparent. And the same conclusion is suggested by the fact that, within certain limits, the intensity of the mechanical force we exert is proportioned to the intensity of our desire to exert it.

Thus I am prepared to go with the Materialists wherever the true pursuit of the path of Descartes may lead them; and I am glad, on all occasions, to declare my belief that their fearless development of the materialistic aspect of these matters has had an immense and a most beneficial influence upon physiology and psychology. Nay more, when they go farther than I think they are entitled to do—when they introduce Calvinism into science and declare that man is nothing but a machine, I do not see any particular harm in their doctrines, so long as they admit that which is a matter of experimental fact—namely, that it is a machine capable of adjusting itself within certain limits.

I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer. The only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to part with on the cheapest terms to anybody who will take it of me. But when the Materialists stray beyond the borders of their path and begin to talk about

¹ Bouillier, into whose excellent "History of the Cartesian Philosophy" I had not looked when this passage was written, says very justly that Descartes "a mérité le titre de père de la physique, aussi bien que celui de père de la métaphysique moderne" (t. i. p. 197). See also Kuno Fischer's "Geschichte der neuen Philosophie," Bd. i.; and the very remarkable work of Lange, "Geschichte des Materialismus"—A good translation of the latter would be a great service to philosophy in England.

¹ For all the qualifications which need to be made here, I refer the reader to the thorough discussion of the nature of the relation between nerve-action and consciousness in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," p. 115 *et seq.*

there being nothing else in the universe but Matter and Force and Necessary Laws, and all the rest of their "grenadiers," I decline to follow them. I go back to the point from which we started, and to the other path of Descartes. I remind you that we have already seen clearly and distinctly, and in a manner which admits of no doubt, that all our knowledge is a knowledge of states of consciousness. "Matter" and "Force" are, so far as we can know, mere names for certain forms of consciousness. "Necessary" means that we cannot conceive the contrary. "Law" means a rule which we have always found to hold good, and which we expect always will hold good. Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world; and as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body. If I say that impenetrability is a property of matter, all that I can really mean is that the consciousness I call extension, and the consciousness I call resistance, constantly accompany one another. Why and how they are thus related is a mystery. And if I say that thought is a property of matter, all that I can mean is that, actually or possibly, the consciousness of extension and that of resistance accompany all other sorts of consciousness. But, as in the former case, why they are thus associated is an insoluble mystery.

From all this it follows that what I may term legitimate materialism, that is, the extension of the conceptions and of the methods of physical science to the highest as well as the lowest phenomena of vitality, is neither more nor less than a sort of shorthand Idealism; and Descartes' two paths meet at the summit of the mountain, though they set out on opposite sides of it.

The reconciliation of physics and metaphysics lies in the acknowledgment of faults upon both sides; in the confession by physics that all the phenomena of nature are, in their ultimate analysis,

known to us only as facts of consciousness; in the admission by metaphysics, that the facts of consciousness are practically interpretable only by the methods and the formulæ of physics: and, finally, in the observance by both metaphysical and physical thinkers of Descartes' maxim—assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear and distinct that it cannot be doubted.

When you did me the honour to ask me to deliver this address, I confess I was perplexed what topic to select. For you are emphatically and distinctly a *Christian* body; while science and philosophy, within the range of which lie all the topics on which I could venture to speak, are neither Christian nor Unchristian, but are Extra-christian, and have a world of their own, which, to use language which will be very familiar to your ears just now, is not only "unsectarian," but is altogether "secular." The arguments which I have put before you to-night, for example, are not inconsistent, so far as I know, with any form of theology.

After much consideration, I thought that I might be most useful to you, if I attempted to give you some vision of this Extra-christian world as it appears to a person who lives a good deal in it; and if I tried to show you by what methods the dwellers therein try to distinguish truth from falsehood, in regard to some of the deepest and most difficult problems that beset humanity, "in order to be clear about" their actions and to walk surfeetedly "in this life," as Descartes says.

It struck me that if the execution of my project came anywhere near the conception of it, you would become aware that the philosophers and the men of science are not exactly what they are sometimes represented to you to be; and that their methods and paths do not lead so perpendicularly downwards, as you are occasionally told they do. And I must admit, also, that a particular and personal motive weighed with me,—namely, the desire to show that a certain discourse which brought

a great storm about my head some time ago contained nothing but the ultimate development of the views of the father of modern philosophy. I do not know if I have been quite wise in allowing this last motive to weigh with me. They say that the most dangerous thing one can do in a thunderstorm is to shelter oneself under a great tree, and the history of Descartes' life shows how narrowly he escaped being riven by the lightnings, which were more destructive in his time than in ours.

Descartes lived and died a good Catholic, and prided himself upon having demonstrated the existence of God and of the soul of man. As a reward for his exertions, his old friends the Jesuits put his works upon the "Index," and called him an atheist; while the Protestant divines of Holland declared him to be both a Jesuit and an atheist. His books narrowly escaped being burned by the hangman; the fate of Vanini was dangled before his eyes; and the misfortunes of Galileo so alarmed him that he well-nigh renounced the pursuits by which the world has so greatly benefited, and was driven into subterfuges and evasions which were not worthy of him.

"Very cowardly," you may say; and so it was. But you must make allowance for the fact that, in the seventeenth century, not only did heresy mean possible burning, or imprisonment, but the very suspicion of it destroyed a man's peace, and rendered the calm pursuit of truth difficult or impossible. I fancy that Descartes was a man to care more about being worried and disturbed, than about being burned outright; and, like many other men, sacrificed for the sake of peace and quietness, what he would have stubbornly maintained against downright violence.

However this may be, let those who are sure they would have done better throw stones at him. I have no feelings but those of gratitude and reverence for the man who did what he did, when he did; and a sort of shame that any one

should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him.

Finally, it occurs to me that, such being my feeling about the matter, it may be useful to all of us if I ask you, What is yours? Do you think that the Christianity of the seventeenth century looks nobler and more attractive for such treatment of such a man? You will hardly reply that it does. But if it does not, may it not be well if all of you do what lies within your power to prevent the Christianity of the nineteenth century from repeating the scandal?

There are one or two living men who, a couple of centuries hence, will be remembered as Descartes is now, because they have produced great thoughts which will live and grow as long as mankind lasts.

If the twenty-first century studies their history, it will find that the Christianity of the middle of the nineteenth century recognized them only as objects of vilification. It is for you and such as you, Christian young men, to say whether this shall be as true of the Christianity of the future as it is of that of the present. I appeal to you to say "No," in your own interest, and in that of the Christianity you profess.

In the interest of science, no appeal is needful; as Dante sings of Fortune—

"Quest' è colei, ch'è tanto posta in croce
Pur da color, che le dovrian dar lode
Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce:
Ma ella s'è beata, e ciò non ode:
Con l'altre prime creature lieta
Volve sua spera, e beata si gode;"¹

so, whatever evil voices may rage, Science, secure among the powers that are eternal, will do her work and be blessed.

¹ "And this is she who's put on cross so much,
Even by them who ought to give her praise,
Giving her wrongly ill repute and blame.
But she is blessed, and she hears not this:
She, with the other primal creatures, glad
Revolves hersphere, and blessed joys herself."

Inferno, vii. 90—95 (W. M. Rossetti's Translation).